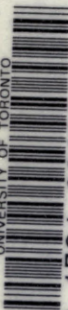


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HANDBOUND
AT THE



THE
CORRESPONDENCE
OF THE LATE
JOHN WILKES,
WITH HIS FRIENDS,
PRINTED FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,
IN WHICH ARE INTRODUCED
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE,
BY JOHN ALMON.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME

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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

	PAGE
<i>Meeting of Parliament—King's Mes-</i>	
<i>sage—Mr. Wilkes's Complaint - - -</i>	1
<i>Complaint against Mr. Wilkes - - -</i>	8
<i>Duel between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Martin</i>	12
<i>Mr. Martin and Mr. Wilkes meet in Paris</i>	19
<i>Five Letters from Mr. Wilkes to Miss</i>	
<i>Wilkes - - - - -</i>	22
<i>Correspondence with Humphrey Cotes, Esq.</i>	33
<i>Letter from Mr. Philipps (Mr. Wilkes's</i>	
<i>Solicitor) to Mr. Wilkes - - - - -</i>	70
<i>Mr. Wilkes's Account of his Tour to Na-</i>	
<i>ples, in Letters to his Daughter - -</i>	107
<i>Letters to Mr. Cotes - - - - -</i>	190

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

PAGE	
101	Letters to Mr. Cotes - - - - -
107	plus, in Letters to his Daughter - - - - -
	Mr. Wilkes's Account of his Tour to the
70	(Solitor) to Mr. Wilkes - - - - -
	Letter from Mr. Phillips (Mr. Wilkes's
33	Correspondence with Humphrey Cotes, Esq. - - - - -
22	Wilkes - - - - -
	Five Letters from Mr. Wilkes to Miss
19	Mr. Martin and Mr. Wilkes and in Paris
12	Duel between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Martin - - - - -
8	Complaint against Mr. Wilkes - - - - -
1	sage—Mr. Wilkes's Complaint - - - - -
	Meeting of Parliament—King's Message

MEMOIRS
AND
CORRESPONDENCE
OF
JOHN WILKES, Esq.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT. KING'S MESSAGE. MR. WILKES'S COMPLAINT.

ON the 15th of November, 1763, the session opened.

By the usage of parliament, when any complaint is to be made of a breach of privilege, that complaint is to be heard before any other business. But in the case of Mr. Wilkes, even this rule was set aside. As soon as the speaker had taken the chair, Mr. Wilkes rose, and informed the

house, that he had a complaint to make of a breach of privilege.

The chancellor of the exchequer (the right honourable George Grenville) immediately rose, and stated, that he had a message to deliver from his majesty.

It was resolved to hear his majesty's message first.

The chancellor of the exchequer then said, that he was commanded by the king to acquaint the house, that "his majesty having received information, that John Wilkes, esq. a member of this house, was the author of a most seditious and dangerous libel, published since the last session of parliament; he had caused the said John Wilkes, esq. to be apprehended, and secured, in order to his being tried for the same by due course of law. And Mr. Wilkes having been discharged out of custody by the court of common-pleas, upon account of his privilege as a member

of this house : and having, when called upon by the legal process of the court of king's-bench, stood out, and declined to appear, and answer to an information which has since been exhibited against him by his majesty's attorney-general for the same offence ; in this situation, his majesty, being desirous to show all possible attention to the privileges of the house of commons, in every instance wherein they can be supposed to be concerned ; and at the same time thinking it of the utmost importance not to suffer the public justice of the kingdom to be eluded ; has chosen to direct the said libel, and also copies of the examinations upon which Mr. Wilkes was apprehended and secured, to be laid before this house, for their consideration." And the right honourable gentleman delivered the said papers in at the table *.

* Commons' journals, vol. xxix. p. 667.

The papers consisted of the North Briton, N^o 45; and the examinations of George Kearsley, the publisher, and Richard Balfe, the printer.

The house resolved, after a long debate, the particulars of which it is not necessary to state here, that the paper was a false, scandalous, and seditious libel; and ordered it to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.

Mr. Wilkes's complaint was then heard, in the following speech.

“ Mr. Speaker,

“ I think it my duty to lay before the house a few facts, which have occurred since our last meeting; because, in my humble opinion (which I shall always submit to this house), the rights of all the commons of England, and the privileges of parliament, have, in my person, been highly violated. I shall at present content myself with barely stating the facts,

and leave the mode of proceeding to the wisdom of the house.

“ On the 30th of April, in the morning, I was made a prisoner in my own house, by some of the king’s messengers. I demanded by what authority they had forced their way into my room: and was shown a warrant, in which no person was named in particular, but generally ‘ the authors, printers, and publishers, of a seditious and treasonable paper, intituled, The North Briton, N^o 45.’ The messengers insisted on my going before lord Halifax: which I absolutely refused; because the warrant was, I thought, illegal, and did not respect me. I applied, by my friends, to the court of common-pleas, for the habeas-corpus; and I enlarged on this subject to Mr. Webb, the solicitor of the treasury. I was, however, hurried away to the Tower by another warrant; which declared *me* ‘ the author and publisher of a most infamous and seditious libel, intituled,

The North Briton, N^o 45.' The word *treasonable* was dropped : yet I was detained a close prisoner, and no person was suffered to come near me for almost three days, although my counsel, and several of my friends, demanded admittance, in order to concert the means of recovering my liberty. My house was plundered, my bureaux broke open by order of two of your members (Mr. Wood and Mr. Webb), and all my papers carried away. After six days' imprisonment, I was discharged, by the unanimous judgment of the court of common-pleas, ' that the privilege of this house extended to my case.' Notwithstanding this solemn decision of one of the king's superior courts of justice, a few days after, I was served with a subpoena upon an information exhibited against me in the king's-bench. I lost no time in consulting the best books, as well as the greatest living authorities; and, from the truest judgment I could form, I

thought that the serving me with a subpoena was another violation of the privilege of parliament, which I will neither desert nor betray,—and therefore I have not yet entered an appearance.

“ I now stand in the judgment of the house, submitting, with the utmost deference, the whole case to their justice and wisdom; and beg leave to add, that if, after this important business has, in its full extent, been maturely weighed, you shall be of opinion that I am intitled to privilege, I shall then be not only ready, but eagerly desirous, to wave that privilege, and to put myself upon a jury of my countrymen.”

The further hearing of this complaint was put off from time to time, till Mr. Wilkes was obliged to go abroad.

The above resolution of the commons was communicated to the lords, and their concurrence was desired; which was readily obtained.

The burning of the North Briton at the Royal Exchange was attended with a violent riot, and the sheriff himself (Harley) was obliged to take refuge in the mansion-house. All candid people confessed, that this measure evinced more impotence and malignity than good sense; and as such it was treated by the populace.

COMPLAINT AGAINST MR. WILKES.

IN the house of lords, the earl of Sandwich, the new secretary of state succeeding lord Egremont, made a formal complaint, that Mr. Wilkes had violated the most sacred ties of religion as well as decency, by printing in his own house a pamphlet intitled “An Essay on Woman, with Notes;” to which the name of a right reverend prelate (Dr. Warburton, bishop of Gloucester) had been scurrilously affixed. And the house instantly voted an

address to the king, to order the attorney-general to prosecute Mr. Wilkes for this offence *.

Mr. Wilkes had not had the least expectation of this circumstance. He did not know, as was the fact, that his servants had been suborned to rob him. He had caused this poem to be printed at his own press ; but permitted only twelve copies to be taken off ; and, while the workmen were employed on it he was always present. Indeed, he took every possible precaution to prevent any person from obtaining a copy.

But, notwithstanding all his care and attention, three or four scraps, or parts of soiled sheets, were *stolen* by the journeymen ; and these were shown, as matters of curiosity, to other printers. At length a few imperfect pages fell into the

* The poetical part of this famous production is a parody of the first Epistle of Pope's Essay on Man ; the notes were principally written by Potter. See Mr. Wilkes's notes on Churchill's dedication to the bishop of Gloucester.

hands of one Faden, a printer, in Fleet-street. This man was indefatigable in his endeavours to get the remainder; and, with the assistance of another printer, they contrived to corrupt the workmen in Mr. Wilkes's house. To one man they gave five guineas; but he could not serve them. In the course of their efforts, they applied to one Curry (another of Mr. Wilkes's workmen); who supplied them with all that he could obtain; and became the principal evidence against Mr. Wilkes, both in the prosecution for the *Essay on Woman*, and in that for the *North Briton*.

Faden showed these few pages to a Mr. Kidgell, at that time chaplain to lord March. He and Kidgell at first intended to reprint the poem, with notes, in a series of letters, in the newspaper called the *Public Ledger*, of which Faden was at that time the printer. But they soon abandoned this design; conceiving, on reflection, that they should derive greater emolument from government. With this view, Kidgell showed

the scraps to lord March, who laid them before the secretary of state.

Mr. Wilkes has often observed, that, if the North Briton had not appeared, the Essay on Woman would never have been called in question; and it has been remarked by others, that if the poem had been ten thousand times worse than it was, yet it would fall far short in infamy to the shocking and traitorous methods which were taken to procure it. Mr. Horne Tooke, in his sixth letter to Mr. Wilkes, printed in 1771, at the time of their great difference, says: ‘ I have not to this moment
‘ read the Essay on Woman; and, what-
‘ ever it may contain, I should have felt
‘ more indignation against those who
‘ bribed the printer to betray you, than
‘ against you who were betrayed, because
‘ it was a mean villainy.’ These words are perfectly true, if applied to the present editor. He never would see that poem, though frequently urged by Mr. Wilkes.

DUEL BETWEEN MR. WILKES AND
MR. MARTIN.

WHEN Mr. Wilkes returned home from the house of commons on Wednesday morning, the 16th of November, (the house having sat till that time,) he sent the following letter to Mr. Samuel Martin, late secretary to the treasury, who had grossly, but obliquely, insulted him the preceding evening.

“ Great George-street, Wednesday,
November 16, 1763.

“ SIR,

“ You complained yesterday, before five hundred gentlemen, that you had been *stabbed in the dark* by the North Briton; but I have reason to believe you was not so much *in the dark* as you affected, and chose to be. Was the complaint made before so many gentlemen on purpose that

they might interpose? To cut off every pretence of ignorance as to the author, I whisper in your ear, that every passage of the North Briton in which you have been named, or even alluded to, was written by
your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES."

To this letter Mr. Martin returned the following answer.

" Abingdon-street, November 16, 1763.

" SIR,

" As I said in the house of commons yesterday, that the writer of the North Briton, who had stabbed me in the dark, was a cowardly as well as a malignant and infamous scoundrel; and your letter, of this morning's date, acknowledges that every passage of the North Briton in which I have been named, or even alluded to, was written by yourself; I must take the liberty to repeat, that you are a malig-

nant and infamous scoundrel, and that I desire to give you an opportunity of shewing me whether the epithet of *cowardly* was rightly applied or not.

“I desire that you may meet me in Hyde-park immediately, with a brace of pistols each, to determine our difference.

“I shall go to the ring in Hyde-park, with my pistols so concealed that nobody may see them; and I will wait in expectation of you one hour. As I shall call in my way at your house, to deliver this letter, I propose to go from thence directly to the ring in Hyde-park; from whence we may proceed, if it be necessary, to any more private place. And I mention that I shall wait an hour, in order to give you the full time to meet me.

“I am, Sir,

your humble servant,

SAM. MARTIN.”

The circumstances of the duel were as follows.

When the gentlemen met in Hyde-park they walked together a little while, to avoid some company which seemed coming up to them. They brought each a pair of pistols. When they were alone, the first fire was from Mr. Martin's pistol, which missed Mr. Wilkes. The pistol in Mr. Wilkes's hand only flashed in the pan. The gentlemen then each took one of Mr. Wilkes's pair of pistols. Mr. Wilkes missed; and the ball of Mr. Martin's pistol lodged in Mr. Wilkes's belly. He bled immediately very much. Mr. Martin came up, and desired to give him all the assistance in his power. Mr. Wilkes replied, that Mr. Martin had behaved like a man of honour; that he was killed; and insisted on Mr. Martin's making his immediate escape, adding that no person should know from him (Mr. Wilkes) how the affair happened. Upon this they parted. Mr. Wilkes was

carried home ; but would not tell any circumstance of the case till he found it was publicly known. He only said to the surgeon, that it was an affair of honour.

The day following, Mr. Wilkes, imagining himself in the greatest danger, returned to Mr. Martin his letter, that no evidence might appear against him ; and insisted upon it with his own relations, that, in case of his death, no trouble should be given to Mr. Martin, for he had behaved as a man of honour.

But, notwithstanding this declaration of Mr. Wilkes, there is another circumstance worthy of notice. Mr. Martin's not returning Mr. Wilkes's letter, occasioned a suspicion that it was kept to be made use of as a proof of Mr. Wilkes's concern in the North Briton. This neglect seemed as unaccountable as his having for eight months previous to the meeting of parliament, borne in silence the abuse of which he complained. —Was he all this time, Sundays not ex-

cepted, practising at a target? That report was confirmed by his neighbours in the country *. Nor is it less remarkable, that he should choose pistols, without naming the sword; though the choice of weapons was, by the laws of honour, in Mr. Wilkes.

Mr. Wilkes was carried home in a chair. Dr. Brocklesby, and Mr. Graves (surgeon), were immediately sent for. Mr. Graves extracted the ball; which first struck Mr. Wilkes's coat button, then his waistcoat button, entered his belly about half an inch below the navel, and sunk obliquely, on the right side, towards the groin, but did not penetrate the abdomen. It was extracted from behind.

When he was able to write, he sent notice, by letter, to the speaker of the house of commons, of the condition of his health.

On Friday the 16th of December, the house of commons made the following

* See Mr. Wilkes's letter to Mr. Cotes, dated Calais, December 10, 1764.

order: "That doctor Heberden, physician, and Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, one of his majesty's serjeant-surgeons, be desired to attend John Wilkes, esq. from time to time, at proper intervals, to observe the progress of his cure; and that they, together with Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Graves, do attend this house, to report their opinion thereupon, on the 19th day of January next *, in case the said John Wilkes, esq. be not then able to attend in his place."

This order being sent to Dr. Heberden, by order of the speaker, he sent it to Dr. Brocklesby; with a letter, desiring to know when he might attend Dr. Brocklesby to Mr. Wilkes. Dr. Brocklesby sent the order of the house, and Dr. Heberden's letter, to Mr. Wilkes; and requested him to appoint a time when they might wait upon him. Mr. Wilkes sent a polite card to Dr. Heberden, saying, that he was so well satisfied with the attention and

* Parliament adjourned to the 19th of January.

skill of Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Graves, that he did not wish to see Dr. Heberden for some weeks. And he sent a similar card to Mr. Hawkins.

MR. MARTIN AND MR. WILKES MEET AT
PARIS.

MR. MARTIN immediately proceeded to Paris. When Mr. Wilkes arrived there, he was complimented by Mr. Martin with the following card.

“ Hotel de Luynes, Dec. 30, 1763.

“ Mr. Martin presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, and desires to know how he does: flattering himself, from Mr. Wilkes’s performance of so long a journey at this season of the year, that his health is perfectly re-established.

“ Mr. Martin cannot help taking this opportunity to assure Mr. Wilkes, that he had desired Mr. Bradshaw to deliver up Mr. Wilkes’s note, written to Mr. Martin on the 16th of November; as soon as it occurred to

the latter that any imaginable use might be made of it to Mr. Wilkes's prejudice, and before Mr. Martin had heard from Mr. Bradshaw that it was actually given up. *

“ Mr. Martin returns his thanks to Mr. Wilkes for his attention to Mr. Martin's safety, by giving the early notice he did to Mr. Bradshaw, of his apprehending himself to be in danger.

“ It is impossible for Mr. Martin to think of taking part in any affair of Mr. Wilkes that he may find depending in the house of commons at his arrival in England. He proposes to set off from hence on his return home on Monday next ; but believes he shall not set foot in London till those affairs are determined, to avoid even a colour of suspicion that he is capable of appearing against Mr. Wilkes after what has recently happened.”

* The letter was returned to Mr. Wilkes on the 10th of December, not sooner, by Mr. Graves, in the name of Mr. Martin.

Mr. Wilkes immediately returned the following answer :

“ Hotel de Saxe, Friday, Dec. 30.

“ Mr. Wilkes’s compliments to Mr. Martin, and is much obliged by the favour of his note. Mr. Wilkes is going to pay his respects to lord Hertford *; and, if Mr. Martin is disengaged, will afterwards wait upon him, for a quarter of an hour, at the hotel de Luynes.”

“ Hotel de Luynes, Dec. 30, 1763.

“ Mr. Martin’s compliments, and will wait at home to receive the visit with which Mr. Wilkes intends to favour him.”

* At that time the English ambassador at Paris.

FIVE LETTERS FROM MR. WILKES TO
MISS WILKES.

IN March 1763, Mr. Wilkes took his daughter to Paris, and placed her in the hands of some particular friends there, in order to finish her education. He staid but a few days at Paris, having previously made the necessary arrangements. But recollecting, a few days after he had left Paris, some points which had been omitted, he sent to his daughter the following letter from Calais.

Letter I.

“ Calais, April 9, 1763.

“ MY DEAREST POLLY,

“ WHATEVER cloaths you wish for, or any thing else, desire monsieur Carpentier to pay for. Every three months Mr. Foley will pay him again, and draw upon me. I wish that my sweet girl may have every

reasonable pleasure; and I am sure that her good sense will desire no other. I dare say you will be happy with madame Carpentier; and I have paid them the highest compliment in trusting them with a treasure I love so entirely as my dear daughter. Any money you wish for, you may have.

“ When you are well, I beg you never to miss the ambassador’s chapel on Sunday; and I trust a good Providence will favour you with confirmed health at Paris. Mr. Foley will put you in a way to go with Mrs. Poyntz, and she will ever be glad of your company.

“ I wish you directly to enquire of Mr. Neville, who is secretary to the duke of Bedford, about the dancing-master belonging to the court. He mentioned him to me, and he is the only man for you to learn of. I wish you would soon get the best music-master. Consult Mr. Foley in this, as in every thing.

“ I write no other advice to you, because you have as much sense as any body I know ; and I am sure, will conduct yourself in every thing so as to win the esteem and love of every one. Let me beg you to write your opinion to me on every thing. I have the highest opinion of you, and wish to make you happy. You have an excellent genius given you from heaven ; and it will be your own pleasure to cultivate it. Read the best books, and they will be your pleasure through life. Desire monsieur Carpentier to buy for you Boileau, Racine, and Molière, in small volumes ; you cannot read them, as well as Shakespeare, Pope, and Swift, too often ; yet by no means tire yourself. God has given you excellent understanding ; but the best land requires cultivation.

“ I am ever, my dearest Polly,
most affectionately yours,

JOHN WILKES.”

Letter II.

“ Great George-street, May 10, 1763.

“ MY DEAREST POLLY,

“ I EMBRACE this first opportunity of returning you my best thanks for your entertaining letter of the 26th of April; which came to my hands in the Tower, and was infinitely the best thing I saw there. You will have seen from the public prints, every thing which passed concerning me. It has in every respect been highly advantageous and honourable to me. I am impatient for the end of June, that I may come and pass three or four months with you at Paris.

“ Your ever affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.”

Letter III.

“ Great George-street, June 14, 1763.

“ MY DEAREST POLLY,

“ I HAVE not wrote to you for several days, from the great hurry I have been in, and the time it takes me to settle every thing for my tour to Paris. I find now that it will be the second or third week in July before I can rejoin my dear girl ; but I hope to continue in France till November. I have a thousand things to tell you. I am, thank Heaven ! perfectly well, and in high spirits, impatient to set out to meet you. Every thing in England goes on as I wish it. Lord Temple and all our friends continue well, and honour me with their applause. I am a greater favourite here than I ought in modesty to say.

“ I am obliged to attend our assizes, as a country gentleman. They are on the 18th

of July. I shall set out immediately afterwards for Paris.

“ I am ever, your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.”

Letter IV.

“ Great George-street, Nov. 18, 1763.

“ MY DEAREST POLLY,

“ I THOUGHT it would give you most satisfaction to have a line from my own hand, relating to the duel between Mr. Martin and me. At the second fire I was wounded by a ball, which entered the lower part of my belly on the right side. I was carried home in a chair, and a surgeon has extracted the ball. The pains I have suffered are beyond what I can describe, but both physician and surgeon declare me out of all danger, and I hope in a fortnight to go

abroad. You may depend on seeing me at Paris before Christmas, if I am tolerably well. It was an affair of honour, and my antagonist behaved very well. We are both perfectly satisfied with each other on this occasion.

“ I am, my dearest girl,
your most affectionate father,
JOHN WILKES.”

Letter V.

“ Great George-street, Dec. 8, 1763.

“ MY DEAREST POLLY,

“ You would be glad to observe how fast I mend, though I have not yet been abroad. I hope to eat my Christmas dinner with you at Paris ; and I wish you to send to the hotel de Saxe, to know if I can have my old apartments on the ground-floor by Christmas-day.

“You may now give me joy of my having carried one of my causes against the tools of the administration. Last Tuesday I had a verdict for me, and one thousand pounds given me for damages, against Mr. Wood. I expect the same damages against Mr. Webb, and ten times as much against lord Halifax.

“I am, ever, your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.”

CORRESPONDENCE
WITH
HUMPHRY COTES, Esq.
DURING
MR. WILKES'S RETIREMENT TO FRANCE
IN THE YEAR 1764.

LETTER 10

My dear John, I am writing you this

MY DEAREST JOHN,

I will tell you a story of the most

very to your knowledge and I will

conclude it in the way I wish

and I will tell you the whole of it

and I will tell you the whole of it

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LETTER I.

Silver Lion, Dover, Sunday, Dec. 25, 1763.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I WILL venture even by the post to convey to you a piece of authentic intelligence. It is, that the *notified* John Wilkes, esq. arrived here last night; and has been complimented by fourteen gentlemen of this place, who desired to wait on him and drink his health in good claret, with the most flattering testimonies in his favour.

It is now near eleven on Sunday morning, and I am just going to embark.

I am, with much affection and gratitude, my dearest friend, yours most sincerely,

JOHN WILKES.

My wound has been a good deal fretted by the vile jolts through the rascally towns of Stroud, Rochester, Chatham, &c. and

the old part too looks red and inflamed; but I slept pretty well last night, and to-day I recover my spirits. I think Friday and yesterday were the two most unhappy days I have known.

LETTER II.

Calais, Dec. 25, 1763, Sunday afternoon.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I WROTE to you this morning from Dover, and am now on French ground. We made this little voyage in two hours and three quarters; but the wind was so high that I was dreadfully sick, and most violently strained with it. I am now recovering every hour; but it has made my wound very painful, and very much inflamed, so that instead of going on I am going to bed. I am, more than I can express,

affectionately yours,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER III.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Dec. 29, 1763.

MY DEAREST COTES,

THE post only gives me time to say that I arrived here last night; and am better than I had reason to imagine I should be, from what I suffered at sea.

Very sincerely and affectionately yours,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER IV.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Jan. 6, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE been to make my bow to lord Hertford; who, of course, was not at home, but, to my surprise, returned my visit. I left a card for the private secretary, David Hume; who returned my visit

likewise : and to-day I met him at baron Holbach's, where we laughed much. I believe there are not ten English here out of the convents, except the ambassador's family ; but many Irish and Scots. I went last Sunday to the ambassador's chapel, and go again next Sunday to take my leave of a dull preacher there *. I am caressed here more than one of my modesty will let me tell you. Nevertheless, I shall be more happy when I return, the 16th ; though I am to go through the fire ordeal of both lords and commons. The satisfaction of having never done any thing unbecoming a man of honour, the glory of having obtained two such important decisions in favour of English liberty, and the friendship of Mr. Cotes and a few like him, are noble distinctions for any man ; and *round life* well, as our Shakspeare says.

I intend to set out this day sevensnight, the 13th ; and if I have a lucky passage,

* Dr. James Trail, afterwards bishop of Down.

hope that we shall dine together the 17th, in Great George-street.

I beg my grateful respects to all of the name of Onslow; which I ever honoured on a public account, and is now endeared to me by every private motive.

Miss Wilkes is perfectly recovered; and is every thing a fond father could wish.

My respectful compliments to lord Temple.

I am ever,

my dear Cotes,
your faithful and obliged
humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER V.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, January 11, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD taken all my measures to return to you and my other friends in England on

the 13th, as I wrote to you on the 6th. I am now too ill to undertake the journey. I have therefore directed a letter to be written to the speaker, and have signed it, begging farther time of the house. I have likewise enclosed to him a certificate, from the faculty, of my state of health.

I am ever, with the truest respect,

Dear Sir,

your obliged and affectionate
humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER VI.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, January 11, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE wrote to Mr Onslow*, in Curzon-street; and have enclosed to him copies

* The present earl Onslow.

of a letter to the speaker, and a certificate of my ill state of health. I doubt not of their having their proper weight with the house. I intended to have set out on the 13th, and had prepared every thing accordingly; and, among other things, had settled miss Wilkes's business, and had drawn on you at two months for 152*l.* 7*s.*: but I am now confined to my room for some time longer, and I have nothing for it but don Quixote's remedy, Patience and shrug up my shoulders. I am not able to add more; but that

I am

your ever obliged, and
affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER VII.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, January 15, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAD left Paris, and paid my compliments to you in St. Martin's-lane, this very

day, if my health had permitted. I have been confined to my room for several days, and I fear that the fever will not let me this week even pass the threshold. You can much better imagine than I can describe, the anxiety my illness, and this cruel absence, give me in so interesting a moment.

I wrote, the last post, to the speaker; and enclosed him a certificate of my state of health. Your letter of the 6th gave me great pleasure; but, alas! I am too ill as yet to think of Calais or Boulogne, much less of London. I have naturally good spirits, yet the idea of the *pavé* and the sea frightens me.

I am

your highly obliged, and

very affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

[The following is a copy of Mr. Wilkes's letter to the speaker, and of the certificate, mentioned in the preceding letters.]

* Paris, Hotel de Saxe, January 11, 1764.

SIR,

I CANNOT express the concern I am under from the impossibility I now find of attending my duty in Parliament on the 19th of this month. I have suffered very much from the tour I made here in the holydays, to see my daughter. My wound is again become extremely painful; the parts are very much inflamed, and a fever attends it. I enclose a certificate of one of the king's physicians, and of a surgeon of the army, gentlemen of eminence in their profession, who think it absolutely necessary for me

* Journals of the House of Commons, vol. XXIX.
P. 721.

to stay some time longer at Paris. I refer to the certificate itself for the particulars.

The impatience I feel to justify myself to the house from the groundless and cruel attacks made upon me, and the zeal I hope ever to retain for the vindication of the sacred rights of the commons of Great Britain, and the privileges of parliament, both of which had been grossly violated in my person, had determined me to set out for England on Friday next; but I now find myself incapable of performing the journey.

I am therefore, sir, under the necessity of entreating you to submit my case to the house; and I doubt not, from their justice, that a more distant day will be appointed, when it may be in my power to attend the discussion of points so very important in themselves, and in which I am so very importantly concerned.

I would not, sir, implore this of the house, if I thought the delay could be attended with any possible inconvenience

to the publick ; and I beg to observe, that I seized the first moment which the resolutions of parliament gave me, to enter my appearance to the informations which have been filed against me in the king's-bench.

I am, with *due* respect and esteem,

Sir,

your most obedient

humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

[The certificate enclosed.]

‘ * Nous, soussignés, médecin consultant
‘ du Roi, ci-devant médecin en chef de ses
‘ armées en Allemagne et en Espagne ; et
‘ nous chirurgien consultant des armées, et
‘ chirurgien-major du régiment des gardes
‘ Françaises ; certifions que Mr. Jean Wilkes
‘ est dans un état qui ne lui permet point
‘ (tant par rapport à sa blessure, qui n’est pas

* Journals, p. 722.

‘ entièrement cicatrisée, que par rapport à
‘ la fièvre qui lui est survenue) d’entreprendre
‘ la route de Paris à Londres. Qu’il seroit
‘ à craindre, vû l’inflammation et le bour-
‘ souflement considérable arrivés depuis peu
‘ de jours, qu’il ne se formât une hernie, à
‘ laquelle il ne seroit point possible de re-
‘ médier. Que, pour prévenir cet accident
‘ dont il est menacé (et que le mouvement
‘ violent, tel que celui d’une chaise de poste,
‘ et l’agitation de la mer, ne manqueroient
‘ pas de déterminer), il est absolument in-
‘ dispensable qu’il reste encore quelque
‘ temps à Paris. En fois de quoi, nous
‘ lui avons delivré le present certificat.

‘ A Paris, ce 11 Janvier, 1764.’

‘ NINNIIN.

‘ DUFOUART.’

[This certificate was read to the house
on the 19th of January, by the speaker;
who at the same time observed, that it was

not authenticated by any notary public, nor the signature thereof verified in any manner whatsoever.

The house having resolved, before the adjournment, that the North Briton was a libel, and that Mr. Wilkes was the author of it, lord North now moved, “ that the said John Wilkes, esq. be, for his said offence, expelled this house.”

As soon as Mr. Wilkes was informed of the speaker’s observations, he transmitted another copy of the certificate, signed by messieurs Robineau and De la Rue, two notaries ; and, for greater authenticity, the English ambassador, lord Hertford, signed the following declaration :]

‘ This day, the 5th of February, 1764,
‘ there appeared before me M. de la Rue,
‘ and made oath that he was a notary public,
‘ that he had signed the above paper ; that
‘ M. Robineau was also a notary public,
‘ and had signed the same. In witness

‘ whereof I have hereunto affixed my hand
‘ and seal.

‘ HERTFORD.’ (L. S.)

[This declaration from lord Hertford produced the following criticism from Mr. Wilkes :]

“ Lord Hertford signs a paper of only two sentences, in our language, and yet we find three palpable blunders in it.

“ *There* appeared. *Where* ? It is not mentioned in the act of the English ambassador, *where* M. de la Rue *appeared*. Where did lord Hertford see M. de la Rue ? Was it at Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne ? It is not stated in this paper. The French gentlemen are accurate : their act is declared to be done at Paris, on the 11th of January, 1764. We have no hint where lord Hertford was on that day. He might be returned to London, and might have signed it as a justice of the peace. Lord Hertford is not

named as ambassador, nor his capacity of attesting a public act stated.

“ *There appeared M. de la Rue* is a strange and harsh construction, not very usual. The verb takes place of its own nominative. It should be, *M. de la Rue appeared before me*, &c. We should know first who the person is, before the quality of *appearing*, or indeed any other, is given to him. Such is the general *concord* of our grammar.

“ Lord Hertford says, he has *affixed his hand and seal*. How does a man *affix his hand*? I may *set my hand and seal*, or I may *affix my seal*; but how can I *affix my hand*? ”

Letter VIII.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, January 20, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

PHILIPPS* writes to me in a warm strain, to return immediately; and, from the partial view he takes of my affairs, which is so far as law and the two houses are concerned, I really think him right. You and I, my beloved friend, have more extended views; and therefore, as I have now an opportunity, I will sift it to the bottom, for I am secure of my conveyance. Your letter of the 10th leaves me no doubt of the certainty of my expulsion. Now give me leave to take a peep into futurity. I argue upon the supposition that I was expelled this morning, at one or two o'clock, after a warm debate. I am, then, no longer a member of parliament.

* Philipps was now his solicitor.

Of consequence, a political man not in the house is of no importance, and never can be well enough, nor minutely enough, informed, to be of any great service. What then am I to do in England? If I return soon, it is possible that I may be found guilty of the publication of N^o 45 of the North Briton, and of the Essay on Woman. I must then go off to France; for no man in his senses would stand Mansfield's sentence upon the publisher of a paper declared by both houses of parliament scandalous, seditious, &c. The Essay on Woman, too, would be considered as blasphemous; and Mansfield would, in that case, avenge on me the old Berwick grudge. Am I then to run the risk of this, and afterwards to confess by going away so critically—as evident a flight as Mahomet's was from Mecca? Surely not.

But I am to wait the event of these two trials; and Philipps can never persuade me that some risk is not run. I

have in my own case experienced the fickleness of the people. I was almost adored one week; the next, neglected, abused, and despised. With all the fine things said and wrote of me, have not the public to this moment left me in the lurch, as to the expence of so great a variety of law-suits? I will serve them to the last moment of my life; but I will make use of the understanding God has given me, and will owe neither my security nor indemnity to them. Can I trust likewise a rascally court, who bribe my own servants to steal out of my house? Which of the opposition, likewise, can call on me, and expect my services? I hold no obligation to any of them, but to lord Temple; who is really a superior being. It appears, then, that there is no call of honour.

I will now go on to the public cause, that of every man, — liberty. Is there then any one point behind to be tried? I think not. The two important

decisions in the court of common-pleas and at Guildhall, have secured for ever an Englishman's liberty and property. They have grown out of my firmness, and the affair of the North Briton; but neither in this case are we nor our posterity concerned whether John Wilkes, or John à Nokes, wrote or published the North Briton or the Essay on Woman.

The public, then, has no call upon me. I have steadily pursued their object; and I may now, after all their huzzas, fall back into the mass of common citizens. Does any one point suffer by my absence? I have not heard that it does. I know that many of the opposition are, to the full, as much embarrassed about my business as the administration, and detest it as much. I believe, both parties will rejoice at my being here. Too many personalities, likewise, have been mixed with my business; and the king himself has taken too great, not to say too indecent, a share in it, to

recede. Can it be thought, too, that the princess dowager can ever forgive what she supposes I have done? What then am I to expect if I return to England? Persecution from my enemies; coldness and neglect from friends, except such noble ones as you and a few more. I go on to some other things.

My private finances are much hurt, by three elections; one at Berwick, and two at Aylesbury. Miss Wilkes's education is expensive. I can live here much cheaper than in London. And what is my duty, and you know is the object I have most at heart, her welfare, will be better, in every point, ascertained here, with me, than at London. Shall I return to Great George-street, and live at so expensive a house? Forbid it real economy, and forbid it pride, to go to another, unless for some great national point of liberty! Perhaps, in the womb of fate, some important public or private event is to turn up. A

lucky death often sets all right. Mrs. Mead and Mr. Sherbrooke are both old, and have no relation but miss Wilkes. She is devoted to me, beyond what you can imagine; and is really all that a fond father can wish. I have taken all possible care of her in every respect. I could live here as well as I wish, for one half of what it will cost me in London; and, when miss Wilkes was of an age to return to England, not a farthing in debt—which at present oppresses my spirits. I am grown prudent, and will be economical to a great degree.

If government means peace or friendship with me, and to save their honour (wounded to the quick by Webb's affair), I then breathe no longer hostility. And, between ourselves, if they would send me ambassador to Constantinople it is all I should wish. Mr. Grenville, I am told, solicits his recal. I think, however, the

king can never be brought to this, (as to me I mean,) though the ministry would wish it.

If I stay at Paris, I will not be forgot in England; for I will feed the papers, from time to time, with gall and vinegar against the administration. I cannot express to you how much I am courted here, nor how pleased our inveterate enemies are with the North Briton. Gay felt the pulse of the French ministers about my coming here and Churchill's, upon the former report. The answer was sent from the duke de Praslin, by the king's orders, to monsieur St. Foy, *premier commis des affaires étrangères*, in these words: 'Les
'deux illustres J. W. et C. C. peuvent
'venir en France et à Paris aussi souvent,
'et pour autant de tems, qu'ils le jugeront
'à propos,' &c.

I am offered the liberty of printing here whatever I choose. I have taken no

resolution; nor will I, till I hear again from you. Favour me with your sentiments fully and freely.

Your most devoted,

JOHN WILKES.

I had agreed with Mr. Thomson to have removed the mortgage for Aylesbury which Mr. Campbell has (lately sir Cordell Firebrace's), and to have given it to Sylva the jew; but Thomson is dead. Mr. Swale, an attorney whom my brother Heaton knows, can assist you as to my titles, &c. better than any man. He was recommended to me by Potter; who was plunged much deeper than me in annuities, and gave me the worst advice.

LETTER IX.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, February 17, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

You will observe, by the date of this, that I cannot yet know the fate of the trial on Tuesday (Feb. 21); as I see by the papers *that* was the day fixed. It will very little affect me: because the crime of having wrote N° 45, in the eyes of men of sense, will ever be small and pardonable; and, upon the principles of our government, I really think it justifiable to attack the king's speech, provided his person is spared, which I am sure is done even cautiously. I regret it not. Glorious decisions in favour of liberty have grown out of it. If I am convicted, it will be impossible for me to return to England. No man can stand Mansfield's sentence against the author of a libel. I am too proud ever to ask pardon, or even to receive a favour from any of the great (however great) whom

I hate and despise. To cut the matter therefore very short, I think myself an exile for life; and I flatter myself, my dear Cotes, with no foolish hopes, not even on the restoration of Mr. Pitt and the whigs. I never meant to embarrass them about me. I love only lord Temple. Him I almost adore; and I grieve that I have been the cause of so much disquietude to the most excellent and most amiable man alive. I am reconciling myself to my fate, and I come apace to it. Nature has given me some philosophy, and the necessity of the case perfects it.

At first I found an awkwardness, I confess, at being considered as exiled from my native country. It is a prejudice against me, which I must take more pains to get over. The English, too, here will generally be of the majority; therefore I shall have no comfort from my own countrymen, nor reliance on them: and as to the French, though they are a very ami-

able and entertaining people, full of little wit, and abounding with pleasing sallies of fancy, they are incapable of great or solid actions, or real friendship. I am, however, well diverted here; though my health has not hitherto permitted me to go once to a place of public entertainment, nor even to sup. I am now got from the hotel de Saxe, which was very expensive; and am with miss Wilkes, in the Rue St. Nicaise. I pay 2400 livres a-year for the apartments, and my servants I give fifteen pence English a-day to find themselves every thing. Miss Wilkes and I generally dine alone, and we pay half-a-crown a head for our dinner. When any body dines with me, I only order for one more, at the same rate; by which I shall know certainly my expence. Travelling is the most expensive of all things, and therefore I am determined not to stir till I can well afford it. Then I shall wish to go one year to Rome, with miss Wilkes; and afterwards to Con-

stantinople, alone, for six months. I tell you, my dear Cotes, my most distant views and projects, as far as they can be formed; always submitting them to what I have most at heart, the service of the cause of liberty, and of our friends. For that, I shall be content to pass my whole time in a dirty sea-port on the coast, if I can there do any real good; and I shall ever be happy to receive your orders. My plan for my daughter's education is the greatest expence to me, and that is a point I cannot dispense with. Masters are as dear at Paris as at London, and I ought not now to stop short. Tell me fully your sentiments on the whole of it.

I leave to your discretion to sell whatever you please. Perhaps, in my circumstances, it might be prudent to sell Aylesbury too, and convert my fortune into *rentes viagères* (a kind of annuities here). In time, after the decease of Mrs. Mead and Mr. Sherbrooke, who have no rela-

tion but miss Wilkes, her income would be very considerable; and she would live with me. Mrs. Mead and Mr. Sherbrooke are both old; and, as they have no other relation but miss Wilkes, I therefore suppose they will leave every thing to her, independent of me. Yet this is, after all, waiting for dead men's shoes.

What is to be done with the *third* volume of the North Briton? I think, presents should be made to some of our friends. Among others, pray send one to Dr. Fry, president of St. John's college, Oxford; and one to Mr. Atterbury, of Christ Church, Oxford*.

I have a boy, about two years old, at nurse near Hounslow; a lively little rogue. Mr. Lewellyn, who was a surgeon to the Bucks militia, and is now apothecary to the Westminster hospital, can tell you about him. He was so kind to go once to

* Two copies Mr. Almon had; the remainder were burnt.

Hounslow for me. He was under the care of Mr. Frogley, an apothecary there, who put him to nurse. Frogley is dead; but the widow is still there, a very prudent good sort of a woman. Mr. Lewellyn will tell you more of her. The boy goes by the name of John Smith. His mother was my house-keeper; and when she went to *see her friends in the country* (or to lie-in), she went by the name of Smith. There is about five pounds due to the nurse and Mrs. Frogley: may I trouble you to settle it, and to mention what plan I should pursue for him at that age?

I have weighed what you mention about Mr. Rigby: and would give it to the public; but my friend seemed to think there was so much of private conversation mixed with it, the world would say, there was a betraying of that, in an unjustifiable manner*. Many of the phrases are too remarkable to

* He sent Mr. Cotes's letter on this subject to *Mr. Almon*; who returned it, with his opinion on the impropriety of its publication.

be forgot—‘any thing now, to any amount, not ostensible’—and a promise of Canada—‘when that government is settled, he shall be the first governor of Canada’—another fallacy, for Murray is made governor of Canada: vide Gazette.

Mr. Bateman, master of Will’s coffee-house, (an honest man, but half-mad,) has all my plate, on condition of being paid 320l. before Lady-day next. The value is considerable. It would, methinks, be better to sell the whole. My library is very good: if it can be saved, I shall be glad; if not, it must go. There is a lease of the house in George-street for twenty-one years, at my option.

I am,

dearest Cotes,

your most affectionate

and sincere friend,

JOHN WILKES

LETTER X.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, March 1, 1764.

SIR,

I HAVE as yet no other particulars than what I find in your letter. I am unable to guess what the jury went upon, when I was found guilty of re-printing N^o 45. As to the Essay on Woman, all Europe has sufficiently condemned the mean, base, and unworthy arts, used to obtain the little part they have got of it. The whole proceeding sufficiently instructs me, what idiotism it would be in me to trust myself to a ministry capable of such baseness; or to a court so infamous, so incapable of honourable great hatred, so capable of the meanest treachery. I think it probable that the next step will be, to try to get this court to order me to leave Paris; because here I am, as it were, in the reach of every thing. You may be assured that I shall

never be given up; because I have had the most honourable and handsome leave to stay as long as I please.

I wish to know whether, after the two verdicts, any proceeding can issue against my estates before next term. I signed, while I was in England, a conveyance (drawn up by Mr. Life) of every thing I had, to miss Wilkes; or rather, to you in trust for her. I enclose you the deed.

Adieu, mon très cher ami!

LETTER XI.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, March 15, 1764.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I WILL not write again to Philipps. I guess, by *two words*, at the real cause of the late transactions. ‘O my prophetic soul!’ Do you recollect two or three doubts about him, I proposed to you in George-street, a good while ago?

The policy for the insurance of the goods is at Aylesbury, in my bureau up stairs. I have been forced to draw on you for 152 l. 5 s. at two months, which I beg you to honour.

I am ever,

my dearest Cotes,

your obliged

and affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XII.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, April 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN never sufficiently acknowledge the variety and importance of the services you are continually doing me. How nobly does your behaviour to an exiled friend contrast with the conduct of all the rest!

except lord Temple, whom I can never enough love and admire. Philipps, I am convinced, is a ———; and though I find other people begin only to suspect him, I agree with you that he is a complete ———.

As to Boulogne, I am ever ready to meet you any where; and the pleasure I should have from it, would more than make amends for the chagrins of life I am doomed to encounter. I look upon myself as an exile for life.

There is 3 l. 12 s. 6 d. due, for tythes, from Aylesbury to the Tenth's-office near the Middle Temple. I beg you to send and pay it, or Aylesbury will be distrained for that trifle. Aylesbury is held by three lives, but there is a freehold besides. The lives are Mrs. Wilkes's, Mr. Baskerfield's of Leighton in Bedfordshire, and my own. Perhaps Mrs. Mead would buy the reversion of Spridlington: but she would be a hard chap. Sell my books, and every thing as you judge best. As to outlawry,

if I can settle my private affairs before it takes place, what can it signify to me? I mean no more to return to a country where my person, my house, my papers, are still insecure.

Believe me ever,

most affectionately and

gratefully yours,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, April 25, 1764.

MY DEAR COTES,

I SINCERELY condole with you that the session of parliament is at end; and no declaration from either house, of the undoubted but violated rights of the people of England. I cannot but think that this was an affair of infinitely greater moment than

any one which has been in agitation the whole winter. The leaving it undetermined must raise a very just alarm in the breast of every sober and thinking man who had the happiness of being born in our island.

You judge perfectly right about not giving Mr. Dell a lease. That estate, both the leasehold and freehold of Aylesbury, are underlet, and it would very essentially hurt the purchase. I could give you other reasons why I never would grant a lease, but they are too long for a letter. Perhaps Mrs. Mead or Mrs. Wilkes would like the purchase. It is a better and more desirable purchase for my wife's family than for any other, if they choose it.

I beg my sincerest respects to lord Temple, and very affectionate compliments to your family at Byfleet.

Your faithful friend, and
humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, April 30, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE been obliged to buy a stock of several things, that I may not pay cent. per cent. for wood, wine, &c. I have paid all miss Wilkes's arrears. We are now together, and generally dine alone. I am now in a regular train. My greatest expences were the several weeks I lodged at the hotel de Saxe (which is an extravagant tavern), my doctors, &c. All this is over, and without it I could never account for the drafts I have made on you of 152l. 7s., 100l., 152l. 5s.; and now I am obliged to draw on you for 200l. at a month. I let miss Wilkes's masters come at present, till I know what my income will be; and till I see you, to settle a regular plan. I mean to send my mother-in-law a drawing of miss Wilkes's, and her

mother something in crayons. She has really made a very happy progress.

Believe me ever, my dearest Cotes,
your affectionate and

obliged friend,

JOHN WILKES.

[Letter from Mr. Philipps (Mr. Wilkes's solicitor) to Mr. Wilkes; received at Paris, May 18, 1764.]

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE the step that has been taken to render your prosecutions against Webb effectual, will screen me from the imputation either of perfidy or neglect. I must confess to you, that the disastrous events of the 21st of February *, and the sad consideration of an insufficient indictment depending

* Trial of North Briton, &c.

against this man, impressed my mind so deeply, that I could not write to you as I ought, till a blow worthy of your cause had been struck. This happy circumstance, I think, has happened; which has dissipated a thousand equally illiberal and injurious prejudices that have been entertained against me. Strange as it is, it is true, that I have not received ten pages of the short-hand writer's transcript at this very hour. I will send it to you when the whole is completed. I intend to slip over to you about the 7th of June, and promise myself great pleasure in spending a day or two with you.

I cannot inform you more of the circumstances of your trials, than that the printing and publishing were clearly proved, but nothing admitted; and the *law* was so happily explained away, that the jury were left only to judge of the *fact*.

The Essay on Woman being under different circumstances, a different management was necessary. The mere fact

of printing was manifest ; but how did the publishing appear ?—delivering a paper to a printer to be printed is a legal *publication*, nor were the counsel even permitted to controvert this curious law.

The alteration of the records was an alarming circumstance. A summons is served on my brother, returnable before lord Mansfield the very day before the trials. I consult counsel, who advise me to attend. I oppose the amendment with all my might :—my remonstrances are despised : the amendment is made : counsel stare ; yet think it advisable to attend the trials. The crown-office people produce a magazine of precedents in support of the practice. Where is the remedy ? The point cannot be debated, unless you are personally present. Who dare advise you to take so dangerous a step ?

We had a violent struggle to get the new bill against Webb received by the court of king's-bench. But we are victorious at last ; and the cause will be tried

in a fortnight. Can you imagine, that it was doubted whether you were the prosecutor? Mr. attorney-general * insinuated that you knew nothing of the matter, because you was abroad when the first bill was found. But Mr. Dunning informed the court, “ that Mr. Wilkes was the person intended to be injured by his † perjury; that *he* ‡ directed this prosecution; and that he would not relax till he had brought this daring offender to justice.”

We are driving on lord Halifax’s causes; which we hope to try the next term, and to recover handsome damages for you.

The worthy serjeant || still indulges some hopes of reversing the two judgments by writs of error.

I am, sir,

your very humble servant,

ALEX. PHILIPPS.

Cecil Street, London, May 11, 1764.

* Sir Fletcher Norton.

† Webb’s.

‡ Mr. Wilkes.

|| Mr. serjeant Glynn.

LETTER XV.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, May 24, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I RETURN you my warmest thanks for your letter of the 11th. I had a letter by the same post from Philipps. I inclose you a copy of it, and extracts of two others of an old date.—I much suspect his having been bribed to give such advice; from the violence with which he urges it, and from the other particulars of his conduct. I beg you to attend to his expressions about what has happened. How cautious, how subtle, he is! Is this the full and fair account I had a right to expect? But you are on the spot, and can judge better of him. Let me know your opinion, and I will wait for it before I write again to him. Be so good to communicate the letter, and the extracts to the

worthy serjeant *. He can tell us if the case is stated fairly as to the law part, as well as the rest.

I am not yet recovered; and upon a change of weather I find myself faint and languid. I attend exceedingly to my health; and as I will not go to Spa, I endeavour, by moderate exercise and temperance, to repair the late inroad on this clay-cottage.

I am, with the most sincere love
and attachment,

Dear Cotes,
your obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

[Extracts from two letters of Mr. Philipps to Mr. Wilkes, referred to in the above.]

“ January 10, 1764. Your friends unanimously approve of your return. We

* Glynn.

can, in all events, provide for your personal security. The chief of your friends think "our immediate return a proper measure. If you omit this opportunity, you can never hope to set foot again in old England; for I can assure you, that a proclamation, conceived in terms the most galling to a man of honour, will be published in consequence of your absence. I should be deeply concerned to have a circumstance so replete with disgrace spread through Europe."

"January 6, 1764. We are in possession of complete and unanswerable testimony to repel the charge of publication. It is not in the power of either house to compel a *particeps criminis* to bear testimony of it. If you return to attend your service in parliament, you will be in complete possession of a weight and popularity that very few men have enjoyed in this kingdom: but I will not give you a sixpence for the reversion of your popularity after

the 19th, if you absent yourself; for you may assure yourself that you will find very few who will attempt to excuse, and none to justify you. It is necessary to remark, that you cannot be defended in your absence."

LETTER XVI.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, June 10, 1764.

MY DEAR COTES,

As to Frogley, the bills delivered in amounted only to five pounds, as I well remember, nor could much accrue since; therefore the demand of 30l. is unjust. She does not know the truth of the story, but suspects it. I wish to see all my bills before they are paid. It hurts humanity, how grossly I am imposed on by those

wretches in my absence, because they see the case is without remedy. I will not, however, sink under it, but manfully resist it.

I have drawn on you for 88 l. 13 s. 10 d. at two months.

I am ever, my dearest friend,

your grateful and affectionate

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, July 30, 1764.

MY DEAR COTES,

I CANNOT express to you the impatience I have for the letter which will tell that you and Churchill have set out for Boulogne. I shall be there, on the wings of friendship, before you; and, for a time, forget all the scurvy tricks of Fortune, and the baseness of mankind.

I am fixed here, as much as I can be: my mind begins to be more reconciled to it, and the wound closes tolerably well; thanks to nature, to philosophy, and to a very few worthy friends. I keep these lodgings, by agreement, till the 1st of April. I have been charged high to the capitation tax, (which is according to rank,) for myself, miss Wilkes, and all the servants. My first year here is expensive; my second will not be so great: yet I shall be too poor to go to Rome, for a long time; though the education of miss Wilkes, as to drawing, &c. would be so much benefited by it.

I waited till I had your account of the sale of the Aylesbury estate; and have drawn on you, as usual, at two months, for 374l. 10s.

The two young Grenvilles * were here for a few days, and were so obliging as to favour me several times with their com-

* The present lord Glastonbury; and his brother, general Grenville.

pany. Be assured, I have the most lively sense of your goodness to your very sincere and affectionate

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XVIII.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Aug. 16, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I CANNOT express to you how expensive I found Paris at first; both from the arrears of miss Wilkes, and my real illness, &c. You told me, in a former letter, that I should have 500*l.* per annum clear, Mrs. Wilkes and every body paid. Since that, you tell me that the Aylesbury estate sold for 1000*l.* more than you could possibly imagine; yet, in your last, you mention my affairs as desperate. I had before, by Heaton *, a general account of all my debts: none are contracted since, and

* His brother, Mr. Heaton Wilkes.

several delivered in were absolutely unjust. All this is beyond my poor abilities to reconcile. I have never yet received the particulars delivered in, of the claims on me. I do not know that I am obliged to pay all my debts at once ; but I am sure it becomes me to have my bills paid, for which I receive cash. I must therefore earnestly beg that my drafts may be paid when due, as you will receive cash before that time. I am ready to execute any papers which shall be judged necessary.

Miss Wilkes cannot come to England before spring, for reasons which physicians could give you. I cannot bear to do any thing which would retrench what is necessary for the education of miss Wilkes ; and that is at present a great expence to me. I find that I am to be outlawed. I wish, therefore, that as soon as possible you would get all my money matters finished.

Believe me, ever, my dearest Cotes's
affectionate and obliged

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIX.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Aug. 20, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

My affairs draw to a crisis. By the outlawry I shall be cut off from the body of English subjects. I believe, an outlaw can neither sue nor be sued: it therefore becomes me to have all my private affairs settled as soon as possible. Let me therefore, my dearest friend, entreat you to send me immediately the scheme you propose. I had rather every thing was sold for my life, and the amount sent me to manage here; for I can have no legal connection in England very soon. I wish too, for the sake of your family, that you would send a general release from me to you before the outlawry, to confirm all you have done, that you may have the fullest sanction the law can give. Many of the

claims made upon me are absolutely unjust. A part only might be paid immediately, and notes given for the rest. I entreat, my dearest Cotes, that they may be settled in that manner; and the last note on Selwin and Foley for 374l. 10s. either accepted or paid, which is absolutely necessary. Do not embarrass yourself about how I am to live for the future. I will act a fair and honest part in private life, as I have a great and noble one for the public. The rest I leave to providence. I do not intend to quit Paris before April, unless to meet you and Mr. Churchill at Boulogne. There are not, my dear friend, ten such sincere friends to the public in England, as you and lord Temple.

Believe me your

ever-affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XX.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Aug. 30, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 24th, yesterday; which adds much to my anxiety, for I plainly see the great trouble I am daily giving you both on a public and a private account. ‘O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs:’ yet I may truly add too, with Brutus, ‘no man bears sorrow better.’ Miss Wilkes is my only solid comfort here.

The account you give me, in your last, of my private affairs, is totally different from the other I have of yours. I am sure you will manage the best for me. No man can have a more entire reliance on another, than I have on you.

You mention about my not staying at Paris; yet forget that I cannot leave it be-

fore April, both on miss Wilkes's account and my own. As to my friends serving me *effectually*,—I have, to be sure, much to be very grateful for. It is certainly a proud list, that of my friends! After yourself, a truly noble peer *, the first poet in the world †, and one or two more, who are they? I have been too honest and too disinterested to have the half-friends you mention.

There are no judgments attending the mortgages. By my father's settlement, as my brother Heaton will tell you, 500 l. is my share of what is to come to the younger children after my mother's life: how does the outlawry affect this?

I am dearest Mr. Cotes's
obliged friend,

JOHN WILKES.

* Lord Temple.

† Churchill.

LETTER XXI.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Sept. 17, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I WROTE to you last week, and expressed my ideas of the ministerial scheme; which is, to outlaw me as fast as possible, and time enough to prevent the great cause against lord Halifax (in which the first warrant must be formally condemned) being ever decided. I am therefore determined, if my friends advise it, to return to London, and to submit to all the terrors of a sentence to be dictated by a provoked Scottish chief-justice of England. I shall bear it all with fortitude and dignity, if the cause of liberty can be essentially served.

Mr. Swale has the titles to the estates in Bucks and Bedfordshire; which were intrusted with him when the mortgages were

made, and afterwards left by the mortgagee in his hands.

If you cannot raise me money enough to pay the bill I have given Messrs. Foley and Co., my honour is blasted here; and the consequences are, total ruin to me. The life-estate I have the power to sell, and it is my affair what I will do afterwards. If Mr. C. or Mr. W. would advance the money only for that bill on a note of yours, I will sign any powers you please, to deduct it out of the life-estate, which I will sell.

I am, ever, your obliged and

affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Oct. 4, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I CANNOT sufficiently express the gratitude of my heart, for the care you have taken of the bill on Foley and Co. I am more impatient than you can possibly imagine, to meet you at Boulogne; for I have a thousand things to say and to explain. I long to have the letter fixing the time of your setting out from London, and shall fly with rapture to meet you.

I do not like the Defence of the Minority *. It gives too ample room for cavil. Talking is Charles's talent, and he should have kept to it.

I am ever, my dearest Cotes,
your very affectionate and
obliged friend,

JOHN WILKES.

* Written by the late right honourable Charles Townshend, who was afterwards chancellor of the exchequer.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Nov. 11, 1764.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I AM sure you will be an incomparable executor of our dear Churchill's will, and a faithful guardian of his children. As to the province he has allotted me, I will do it to the best of my poor abilities. My life shall be dedicated to it *.

I have given warning to the servants here, and will quit this expensive place as soon as possible. I will certainly be at Calais with miss Wilkes on Tuesday the 4th of December, and I beg my dearest friend to take his measures according. She only brings with her a *femme de chambre*.

* Churchill had died at Boulogne, on the 5th of the month in which this letter is dated. See vol. iii. p. 66, of the present work.

All the notes which Mr. Wilkes wrote on Churchill's poems, he transmitted to Mr. Almon. They will be found in the third volume of this work, from his last corrections.

I should be happy if miss Wilkes could go at first on a visit only to lady Temple. I think she is so engaging that she would be asked to stay. I am impatient to hear that you have seen lord Temple. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick are at Paris, and have been to see miss Wilkes and me.

I am yours unalterably,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXIV.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Nov. 19, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I AM better, but cannot get any continued sleep. The idea of Churchill is ever before my eyes. A pleasing melancholy will perhaps succeed in time, and then I shall be fit for something. As I am, there is not a more useless animal in the world.

My mind turns much on my dear friend's request about his works. I desire to live, first to shew my gratitude to my friends, then my detestation of our enemies.

I shall want one hundred pounds more than I mentioned to you. Pray, send me credit on Foley.

I am ever, dearest Cotes,
your obliged and affectionate

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXV.

Paris, Rue St. Nicaise, Nov. 25, 1764.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I BEGIN to recover from the late cruel blow *, but I believe I shall never get quite over it. I wish that whoever comes to Calais may bring all the letters between

* Churchill's death.

Churchill and me, and all manuscripts relative to his works. That, and the History, will be the future occupations of my life. I want the other volumes of Pope. You know the contempt our dear friend * had of him, which is more than once hinted in his works. I cannot too much labour this point; because the world imagines it was both false judgment, and jealousy, in Churchill. I will shew that it was neither. I shall act the very contrary part to Warburton †. All the author's friends shall be the friends of the annotator: all his enemies shall be my enemies.

With true gratitude and affection,

Yours,

JOHN WILKES.

* Churchill.

† This promise Mr. Wilkes well performed in his Notes on Churchill. See particularly the remarks between pages 74 and 85 of vol. iii. of the present work.

LETTER XXVI.

Calais, December 5, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I SEND Brown, as you advise, with my daughter *. I am left without a servant, and therefore have desired him to stay only one day in London. He may bring all books, Churchill's letters, &c. The affair of D'Eon is infamous. I expect every day to hear of his death by assassination, or poison. His affair is always mentioned as bearing some relation to mine, though there is not the least resemblance; and I shall not be surprised if broad hints are soon given, how agreeable it will be for me to leave this kingdom. Two states seldom regard the interest or the honour of a private person, and seldom

* Brown was his valet-de-chambre several years, when he lived in Great George-street.

quarrel for one man. There is no trifling with French ministers, and the two courts are certainly fast friends.

I write to lord and lady Temple.

Miss Wilkes will first go and see her mother, and that family: then I hope you will soon contrive for her to pay a visit to lady Temple. I leave to your dexterity to manage this.

I am ever,

most dearest friend,

your affectionate and obliged

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXVII.

Calais, December 10, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I CANNOT sufficiently thank you for all your kindness. I was much pleased with

The Enquiry, &c. * There is much good sense, and, I suppose, a great deal of sound law, in it. I am very roughly treated. As a Christian I must pray for the author's forgiveness of the injuries he has done me. As a brother author, you know, I cannot forgive; and I will take a severe revenge. The dog is sensible; but 'coarse worthless fellow,' I am called twice. What does he mean by saying, 'he ever avoided my acquaintance?' I never heard of him till now. When he says "the North Briton, for the beauty of images, the happiness of allusion, and the ele-

* This was a very celebrated law pamphlet, written on Mr. Wilkes's case. It was at first called, "A Letter to Mr. Almon; being an Enquiry, &c." but it is more generally known by the title as Mr. Almon altered it, viz. "A Letter on Libels, Warrants, and the Seizure of Papers, &c." The composition has been ascribed to several persons; to Mr. Dunning, to lord Camden, &c.: but the real author was a late master in chancery; he had much assistance from lord Camden.

gance of expression, was a *rara avis* in this predicament of writers," he seems to pay a vast compliment; but he has forgot the true praise of the North Briton, *his invariable regard to truth.*

The account of the character of Mr. Legge is the most yawning pamphlet I ever read. All the first part is a dull funeral sermon. It is very laughable to find a writer in the opposition, thinking it a man's praise that 'he continued to the last one of his majesty's privy council.' What! is that a merit in these times? And is it forgot that the duke of Devonshire did *not* continue to the last one of his majesty's privy council?—The original papers make us some amends for the execrable stuff in the former part of the pamphlet. They were not, however, new to me. I had seen them, both from poor Legge and Buller. But they are good stuff for volumes. What! does a prince of Wales, before the talons of the wild beast are grown, be-

come so furious? Is a prince of Wales to nominate two members for an English county? What a reverence for parliament, and the constitution, must he have? Are the body of whigs, who brought in the prince of Wales's family, who gave him all his rights in England, to be treated with that insolence and injustice? Where is the freedom of election, if a prince of Wales is to nominate our members? If a lord is forbid to interfere in elections, shall it be allowed to a prince of Wales? I do not know so fruitful a field for political writing; and I hope to see it well managed*.

I have not slept two hours since I have been here: I mean continued sleep. You know in what a restless state a man's spirits must be, who does not sleep. Churchill is still before my eyes. Indeed I am not

* The account of Mr. Legge was written by Dr. Butler, bishop of Hereford.

fit to undertake the English Constitution *: and, in my present frame of mind, I should disappoint you if I did it; for I could not do justice at present to such a subject. If I could undertake it now, I would choose a better motto than either of the two I hinted. It would be from Churchill's Conference :

“ Let private sorrows rest ;
As to the public, I dare stand the test ;
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
The good of England, and my country's love.”

I hear that J. Churchill is about selling the right of copy of our dear friend's works. Is it to take place before or after my edition, which will take me up several months more—for I will never risk any crudities with the public? No man who had any reputation, was ever wrote out of it but by himself.

I wish you to publish the letters between Martin and me †, as well as the story of the

* See vol. iii. page 129, of the present work.

† Page 12, &c. above.

firing at the target *; making your appeal to Mr. Stevens, by name. This will authenticate the fact to posterity; and I can quote it in the notes to the Duelist, to explain the line—

‘ With three months training on his head.’

Book III.

I observe that Wright highly condemns me as too ludicrous, from the expression of ‘ stolen goods,’ &c.; yet you remember that letter was wrote in the presence of, and highly approved by, lord Temple and serjeant Glynn: so likewise was the second letter to the secretaries, on which the same dull lawyer is likewise severe. The expression in that case of ‘ stolen goods’ was *nervous*, not *ludicrous*. It was treating the case as it deserved.

I am ever,

my dearest friend,

your most affectionate and obliged

JOHN WILKES.

* Page 17, above.

LETTER XXVIII.

Calais, Wednesday night, Dec. 12, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE your letter, another from my dear daughter, and a third from my brother Heaton. You are always kind, generous, friendly, and humane; but, by G—, Heaton is a barbarian. He has done the most cruel thing in the world by miss Wilkes; and has held a language to her about me, which is false, insolent, and infamous. What! set a daughter against her father? After such a letter as his last to me, could I expect such usage to my daughter? I have cried ever since I read her letter.

I am obliged to return to Paris, to give up my apartments in the Rue Nicaise to Garrick; who will pay the quarter, and I will decamp from those expensive lodgings.

I commission you, my dear Cotes, to contract in my name with any bookseller, for a History of England, from the Revolution; to be in two quarto volumes: the first portion of manuscript to be delivered on this day twelvemonth; the next, this day two years; and I submit the work to any man in England, the bookseller's friend, to make any retrenchments he chooses, but not a word of addition. This is the work for my fame and my purse. If you will not undertake it with any bookseller, I will get some other friend.

I will convince you that all your suspicions about Italy are ill founded. My life will be the truest proof of that. I shall act a most wise and firm part; and I appeal to yourself, if you ever knew a firmer mind. I will work for posterity. I am sure, my dear Cotes, you cannot withhold your approbation from my conduct; and the world shall look after me, not with pity, but with envy and admiration. You

are angry because I will not write a political paper through the winter. No man can, in another country. You will, I am sure, be more pleased with me soon than ever you was, and so will lord Temple. I will therefore add no more till I get to Paris.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXIX.

Calais, Thursday morning, Dec. 13, 1764.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE been put to a furious expence. I have been here, at an inn (Grandsire's), eight days; and, though I have not supped nor drank, my bill is 328 livres. I have paid the return of Brown and La Vallerie, &c. This is an additional 30l. I have been obliged to draw on Mr. Walsh for

thirty-four guineas. Mr. Fector advanced ten pounds to Brown; which I beg you to settle. These are furious expences; but I need not say they are not my fault.

I beg of you to wait, and judge of me by events; not by the wicked inventions of any enemy at Paris, or elsewhere: which might gain belief on such a mind as Heaton's, but ought not on yours. I say wicked inventions, for such is the story of the house hired in Italy. I care not what Heaton thinks, but am anxious you should approve me. I will be in every thing very prudent, and my eye is ever fixed not straitly, but steadily, on my two great works, Churchill's edition and the History; for either of which, I hope, I am not totally unqualified. I send the letter to Fitzherbert for the Beef-stake Club, with the inscription agreed upon.

I am, ever,

most sincerely and

affectionately yours,

JOHN WILKES.

that, but I am not. I am not a
 man of letters, and I do not
 wish to be so. I am not a
 man of letters, and I do not
 wish to be so.

I am not a man of letters, and I do not
 wish to be so. I am not a man of
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 wish to be so. I am not a man of
 letters, and I do not wish to be so.

MR. WILKES'S ACCOUNT
OF
HIS TOUR TO NAPLES,
IN
LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTER.

MR. WILKINSON'S ACCOUNT OF
HIS TOUR TO N. AFRICA

LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTER

LETTER I.

Lyons, Dec. 31, 1764.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I LEFT Paris on Christmas-day; but the English mails, which had been so long due, luckily arrived a few hours before I set out, and brought me your letter of the 12th. I am very happy to hear that my dear girl continues well, and that the air of London agrees with her.

The roads from Paris I found so bad, that I did not arrive here till last night; six whole days on the road, and every morning in the post-chaise before it was light. The country is almost drowned, by the excessive rains of the last three months.

The first night I lay at Nemours, 10½ posts;—the second at Briare, 11½ posts. I went to see the great hall at the castle of Montargis; which has very striking proportions, and is very satisfac-

tory to the eye. There is a chimney at each end, and two on each side. It is said to be 28 fathoms 2 feet long, 8 fathoms 4 feet broad. The roof is arched; it has no pillars. There is no furniture of any kind in it; but the proportions are very fine.—The third night I lay at Nevers. The road is very pleasing the whole way. The Loire, a very noble river, is on your right hand, and affords many beautiful views; but the scene is lifeless, and in so great an extent I saw but two vessels on the river. In England there would have been a forest of masts in half that extent. Nevers is well situated, between two rivers; but the place itself is only famous for a glass manufactory.—The fourth day I lay at Varennes, 12½ posts. Nothing remarkable the whole day. Left Varennes at five, reached St. Siphorien at seven. The road is very mountainous. There are two remarkable bridges, built quite across a deep valley, from one mountain to another.—The fifth day presented nothing to a weary traveller.—The sixth

day I left St. Siphorien between five and six; yet did not arrive at Lyons, which is only eight posts, before six in the evening. There is a mountain called La Tarare, above two leagues long. We descended it; but, for three leagues before, the horses were to pull us up hill: and the roads were extremely deep, and so dangerous, that, for the first time, I was rejoiced that my dear daughter was not with me on this winter expedition.

Tomorrow I set out for Turin, and I shall give you a letter by the first post after I arrive there. You may depend on my writing regularly; but you must make allowance for contrary winds and bad roads, which may often prevent my receiving your letters in time.

I wrote to you, my dear girl, on the 16th and on the 23d December. Did you receive both those letters? I wrote you *two* letters on the 12th: you mention the receipt of one; did the other come

to your hands?—Nothing can please or oblige me more than your journals.—Give yourself no trouble about all the idle reports spread concerning me. You may remember I did you the same justice with madame de Fouilleuse, at the hotel de Saxe, when she began to talk ridiculously about my dear daughter. You and I are the best and most natural friends; and in every thing I shall first of all consult your happiness and your pleasures. Look forward, and remember what I told you. Did I not prophesy a great deal of what has happened? Always say where I am, if any body asks you.

Pope is an excellent author for you; so are Boileau and Racine. You cannot read them too often; but never, dear girl, tire yourself. Get the last edition of Lowth's English Grammar. Buy it for yourself. It is a small 12mo. It will perfect you in good English. Take time for every thing.

Pray, write directly a letter of civility to madame la baronne d'Holbach. Any thing you wish for, write to me about. You may go a visiting with your mamma whenever you choose it : all I say is, never lie in the same house with her ; all the rest I leave to your own prudence.— I do assure you that, upon my honour, I neither knew nor suspected any thing which has happened about La Vallerie ; nor was I ever so provoked as about her return. Your uncle knows that well. At present, however, you must think with me, that it is most prudent not to send her back to your uncle's.

I approve your manner of writing entirely. Pray, give my compliments to monsieur Goy ; you and he may talk French often together. Remember me to my brother and sister, and the little folks.

I am, my dearest daughter,

your obliged and

affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

I wish you to mention, if the box l'abbé Galiani sent by you, for the marquis Carracioli, was sent to him,

LETTER II.

La Chambre in Savoy, Saturday, Jan. 5, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I EMBRACE the opportunity of a gentleman's going from this little village to Paris, to pay my compliments to you. I gave you my little journal to Lyons; where I received great civilities from monsieur Camp, and an eminent bookseller, to whom monsieur D'Espilly gave me letters. I found no difficulty about my books, nor my baggage.

I left Lyons new-year's-day, at one in the afternoon, and arrived at La Verpilliere a little before six. The road is very good, and a perfect flat, (three posts and a half.)—Jan. 2, I left La Verpilliere at

five, reached La Tour du Pin at half an hour after ten, (three posts and a half.) Dined. Proceeded at one to Pont Beauvoisin, (two posts;) arrived there at five. The road is very good and level.—Jan. 3, left Pont Beauvoisin at seven. The territories of France end here. A small river parts France from Savoy. You pass it on a bridge, near the end of the town. Your baggage undergoes a slight examination here twice, where the territories of France end; and, soon after, in the territories of Savoy. The road from Pont Beauvoisin to Les Echelles is very rough and mountainous. On the left, close to the road, are very high rocks almost all the way. On the right the road is defended by a stone wall from the precipice: at the bottom of which runs a little stream; and then the rocks rise on the other side, very high, and almost perpendicular. I did not arrive at Les Echelles till half an hour after ten, though it is but one post; but the

posts in Savoy are generally nine miles, in France only six. I arrived at Chamberry, the capital of Savoy, a little after six (two posts). The road is extremely rough, and there is a very difficult and long mountain to ascend, about a mile from Les Echelles. The face of the country is very rugged, but it has every where as much cultivation as it is capable of. There is a pretty little cascade on the right, about a mile from Chamberry.—Jan. 4 I left Chamberry at seven; arrived at Montmelian, one post, at ten. I dined at one, and proceeded to Aigue-belle, (two posts;) got there by six. The road tolerably good, and pretty level, except one steep hill soon after you leave Montmelian. The road lies between very high mountains, which were almost covered with snow. I lay last night at Aigue-belle, and left it this morning at six.—Got here, (two posts) by eleven; and am now, at twelve (good country hours), drinking my dear daughter's health with a lively Frenchman.

just arrived from Turin. I hope to arrive there next Tuesday, and will write to my dearest by the first post.

This little journal of my tour is dull, but it will be useful if you keep the letters. I wrote you a long letter from Lyons, December 31, and to Mr. Nesbitt: I wish to know if they both came safe to hand.

When I arrive at Turin, I hope to find that Mr. Panchaud has sent me some of your letters, which I am very impatient for. You will see by this, that wherever I am, your dear idea is the most agreeable thing in the world to me.

I beg you to give my best respects to lord and lady Temple.

The postillions wait for me; so I must only add that

I am ever,

dearest Polly,

your loving father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER III.

Turin, January 9, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE English post being just setting out, gives me time to pay very short compliments to you. I wrote you a long letter on the 5th from La Chambre in Savoy; and on the last day of the last year, from Lyons, another tolerably long letter. Before I leave Turin I shall send you the continuation of my journal: at present I shall only say, I had a good passage over the Alps; but the roads were in many places so very bad, that I did not get here till last night.

I am a good deal tired, or rather jaded; but if you were with me I should soon be as well as I could wish. Continue always to write to me at Messrs. Foley and Co.,

Rue St. Saviour, à Paris ; who will send me all letters.

I shall write again by the next post ; but I could not miss this opportunity of assuring my dear Polly how much I am her

obliged and affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

Mr. Needham is here, with Mr. Dillon and Mr. Norton. We have almost incessant rains.

LETTER IV.

Turin, January 10, 1765.

I NOW pursue my journal, dearest daughter * ; very happy if in any particular it can entertain you. I continued my tour to La Chambre in Savoy ; where, just before dinner, I had the pleasure of writing to you.

* From Letter II.

I left La Chambre at one, and got to St. Michel, (two posts and a half,) a little after six: the road generally rough, a few hills, but not steep. The whole way lies between rocks, and for the most part of it there is a small but rapid stream runs in the bottom. Several of the bridges are very ruinous; the good land is very well cultivated.—January 6 I left St. Michel at five; arrived at Modan, a little village between St. André and Villaraudin, (about two posts and a half from St. Michel,) at eleven; dined, and between two and three to Lannebourg, (two posts and a half from Modan,) but did not reach it till after eight. Lannebourg is the last village on the Savoy side of the Alps. The road is very mountainous, and full of large loose stones. The whole way from Modan to Lannebourg was snow and ice; very steep and dangerous descents, and very difficult ascents, often for half a mile together. All

the baggage was sent on mules from St. Michel to Lannebourg. The fir-trees rise above one other in a beautiful manner, quite from the bottom to the top of many of the mountains; and there is an infinite variety of cascades of the clearest water. In many parts of the Alps, where you see no water, you hear the fall of two or three different cascades. The roads were so bad, I was obliged often to walk on the ice and snow, and got several tumbles, so that I could scarcely stir the next day.—January 7 I left Lannebourg at seven; ascended Mont Cenis in a chair, carried by two men, assisted by four more; arrived at the top of the mountain in an hour and a quarter: in another quarter reached La Tavernette, the first post from Lannebourg. I was carried in a *traineau*, drawn by a single horse over the snows, from the top of the mountain to La Grande Croix; which is the beginning of the descent on the Piedmont side. I arrived there in an

hour, and immediately proceeded to La Ferriere; and in about the same space of time reached Novalene, the first village on this side the Alps. The whole time of passing Mont Cenis, the highest of the Alps which is passable, was six hours; I include an hour of rest and refreshment. The ascent on the Savoy side is one league; the plain on the top—or rather the gentle rising and falling on the summit which looks flattened, not pointed—is two leagues; and the descent on the Piedmont side is two leagues. The chair in which I was carried was not a sedan chair, but a small wicker chair with two long poles; there is no covering of any kind to it. The snow lay four feet deep, and it was a frost; so that there was firm footing where the snow had been trod. After you pass La Grande Croix, in about a mile you come to a small rivulet, which separates Savoy and Piedmont; and you enter on a little plain, called the plain of St. Nicholas.

which makes a pleasing variety in so steep a descent. On the top of Mont Cenis is a fine lake, a mile in circumference, remarkable for excellent trout; a chapel, and an hospital. In the winter the roof of the hospital has sometimes been covered with snow twelve feet deep in less than ten hours: the passage is somewhat dangerous, from the amazing height of the rocks, and your being forced to come often very near the edge of the precipice. The carriage was taken to pieces; and was sent with the rest of the baggage, on six mules, from Lannebourg to Novaleze, two posts and a half. I arrived at Novaleze at one, and left it a little after six; and at half an hour after eight reached Suze, where I lay: the road is very good to Suze, and there is only one little hill to ascend.—January 8 I left Suze. A little after four reached St. Ambroise, two posts and a half; by ten dined: left it at one, and arrived at Turin, two posts and a half, a little after

five. In my next I shall give my dearest girl a short account of Turin; at present I shall only say, that the most agreeable object I have seen here is Mr. Needham.—To-day I go to see the palace, and to-morrow I go to Milan. Perhaps it may amuse you to trace me in the map. I shall stay only one day at Milan, to deliver abbé Galliani's letter to the prince Trivulzio; and proceed from thence to Parma, where I have letters to a friend of monsieur Suard.

I have not yet any of your letters since December 12. I wrote to you December 16 and 23 from Paris, from Lyons December 31, from La Chambre January 5, from hence January 9, (yesterday.)

I wish you to mention if you have seen miss Penton, and if she is the fine girl she promised to be two years ago.—How do you like England, on your present visit to it? Is it not a little *triste*? The Sundays especially (between you and me) are very dull.

I beg my love to my dear brother and sister, and a kiss to the little folks.—How is the little blue-eyed Nancy? I hope she is cured of the little stammering she had.

I am ever, my dearest Polly,

your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER V.

Parma, Jan. 16, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ARRIVED here yesterday, not a little fatigued by the jolting of the chaise in the hard rough roads of Italy.

I left Turin the 11th, at noon; and reached Agliano, three posts and a half, at six. The 12th I left Agliano, at half an hour past seven; and got to Buffalora at six, five posts. Buffalora is the first town of the empress.

queen's dominions, and is in the duchy of Milan. The road from Turin to Buffalora is almost a perfect flat, and tolerably good. The posts are remarkably long.—I lay at Buffalora ; and, January 13th, at eight, proceeded to Milan. The baggage was searched at Buffalora ; and you have a *pass-avant*, to carry you from thence, through the empress-queen's Italian territories. I got to Milan about eleven.—I left it January 14th, at eight ; and arrived at Plaisance a little before seven. The roads were very deep and heavy. You cross the famous river Po just before you arrive at Plaisance ; five posts, and very long ones, from Milan.—January 15 I left Plaisance at half an hour past seven, and arrived here at two ; five posts, not long, and the road tolerably good.

There is little remarkable at Milan, except the cathedral, which is an immense work of the Gothic order. The profusion of statues, both on the out and in-side of

the building, is incredible. Prince Trivulzio received me in the noblest manner; and in the evening carried me to the countess Simonetta, who is the first woman at Milan. I was afterwards presented by the prince to the duke of Modena, who is regent there; and to count Firmian, the first minister. I was treated in the most distinguished manner, and indeed with many marks of true friendship, by prince Trivulzio. I was four hours with the first minister.

This place is only remarkable for the cathedral, the finest in the world: and for several paintings of the famous Corregio, in the dome; very few of which are in tolerable preservation.

This valley is thought the most celebrated in Europe; and was part of the famous Lombardy, which you will find much of in the old romances.

You can scarcely imagine the difference

in the warmth of the air here: it seems, on this side the Alps, to be rather a mild April than the month of January; but I am told that at Naples they even eat green peas at Christmas. I begin to make myself understood in Italian, and I read tolerably well their best authors. I hope to hear my dear girl talk Italian as well as she does French; and that she will be as much admired for one, as she has been for the other.

I have not seen an English newspaper since I left Paris, so that I am quite ignorant of the present state of Old England. I hope a libel I saw at Paris, called "A Letter to the worthy Inhabitants of Aylesbury," has been *burnt* before this. It seemed to me a *flaming* libel.—I long to hear from you. The most agreeable thing I can see in this absence is a letter, with an account of my dear daughter's perfect health.

I beg you to remember me to your uncle and aunt, as well as to all our friends.

I am, dear angel,
your very affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER VI.

Florence, Feb. 1, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HOPE that you received my various travelling letters; because, though they might not entertain you, they would shew you that in whatever place I was, I did not fail every fair opportunity to pay my compliments to you.

My little journal was continued to Modena; where I arrived January 17, and continued there that night.—January 18 I left Modena at eight, and arrived at Sa-

moggia, one post and a half, a little before one; the roads tolerably good, and almost a perfect flat. The churches at Bologna are beyond description magnificent, and full of pictures by the greatest masters; the most capital of which is the St. Cecilia of the divine Raphael. Some of the convents of men are fit to be the palaces of sovereigns. I went to pay my compliments to mademoiselle Corradini, and dined every day at her house while I staid at Bologna. I took private lodgings, where I lay every night. I continued at Bologna till the 28th; and had the favour of your letter dated December 19, on the 26th of January, at that place.—I left Bologna January 28, between two and three in the afternoon; and got to Pianora, one post and a half, a little before five. I lay there, at the foot of the famous Appenines.—January 29 I left Pianora at half an hour after nine, and arrived at Lojano, one post and a half. Proceeded to Filicaia, one

post ; where I arrived a little after three : and from thence to Cavallaio, one post, at six.—January 30 I left Cavallaio at eight ; came to Monte-carrelli a little after ten, one post ; to Caffagolo, one post, at one ; to Fonte Bone, one post, at three ; and reached Florence, one post, about five. The greatest part of the road (quite from Pianoro to Fonte Bone) is ascending and descending the Appenines, and in general the roads are indifferent.

The Appenines are not near so high, nor so horrible, as the Alps. On the Alps you see very few tolerable spots ; and only firs, but very majestic : on the Appenines there are many very rich small valleys, a variety of vineyards, and all sorts of trees.—About a mile from Pietra Mala, a little village between Filicaia and Cavallaio, is a singular phenomenon of fire, about nine yards round, arising from a stony ground, to the height of three or four feet. It is a bright clear flame, without smoke. The greatest

rains only extinguish it for a moment; small rains increase it. The stones round it are much burnt. I removed several, and the flames still arose from the same spot. They gave a considerable heat.

I thank my dear girl very much for the continuation of her journal. I am glad you are so good a church-woman. Pray remember me there, for fear I forget myself in the hurry of travelling.—La Vallerie found out the two guineas you so politely put up; and told me of it with tears in her eyes, before I mentioned it to her.—I am impatient to hear again from my dear girl; and she may depend upon it I will contrive every thing as well as I can for her satisfaction, which is always my first desire.

I have had but two letters from England (including yours) since I left Paris.

Let me beg my dear girl to give my love to my brother and sister, and a kiss to the little folks. Pray, tell Mr. Cotes that I have had no answer to a long letter

which I wrote to him from Calais; nor to another from Paris, before I went from thence.

I am ever, my dearest Polly,
with the utmost affection,
your much obliged father,

JOHN WILKES,

LETTER VII.

Rome, February 16, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HOPE that my former letters have convinced you that I let slip no opportunity of shewing you that, amid all the hurry and dissipation of such a journey, your agreeable idea still filled my mind, and followed me wherever I went. I wrote to you last from Florence, which I liked pretty well. All the English there, among whom were lord Beauchamp and Mr. Trail,

came to see me. I did not go to the resident's *,—to save him the *embarras* of returning a visit to a man so very obnoxious to the English (or rather Scottish) ministry as myself. I have been caressed more than I can express, during my whole journey; and by those in every country whose *éloge* does me real honour.

I left Florence February 9, at three in the afternoon; and got to San Cassiano, one post, a little after six. The road was very rough, and much up hill.—February 10, I left San Cassiano at seven; arrived at Tavernelle, one post, at twelve; came to Poggibonzi, one post, at three; to Castiglioncello, one post, at five; and reached Sienna a little before seven: the road tolerably good, and the views on each side very picturesque; a sweet variety of hills and valleys, and the whole face of the country smiling. The earth is almost every where covered with corn, and olive-trees.

* Sir Horace Mann.

—February 11, I left Sienna, at twelve, and arrived at Monterone, one post, at two; reached Buonconvento, one post, at five; and arrived at Torrenieri, one post, at seven. The road much up and down hill, but not dangerous.—February 12, I left Torrenieri at seven; came to La Scala, one post, at nine; to Ricorsi, one post, at twelve; to Radicofani, one post, at three; to Ponte Centino, one post and three quarters, at five; to Acquapendente, one post, at a little after seven. The post to Radicofani is very bad, the hills very steep and rough: the post to Acquapendente is still worse, and the hill a little dangerous; it is indeed almost perpendicular.—February 13, I left Acquapendente at eight; came to S. Lorenzo, three-quarters of a post, at ten; proceeded to Bolsena, one post and three-quarters; arrived there at five; changed horses about half-way; reached Viterbo at half an hour after six. Between Bolsena and Montefiascone you have a beautiful

view of the lake of Bolsena, about thirty miles in circumference, with two islands in it; all the way on the right. The road is very rough, and over mountains.—February 14, I left Viterbo at eight: ascended the very high mountain of that name to Ronciglione, three-quarters of a post; arrived there at eleven: proceeded to Monte Rosi, one post, the whole way almost descending the mountain of Viterbo; got there by one: proceeded to Baccano, one post; came there at three: to Alla Storta, one post, at six; and to Rome, one post, at eight. The road is either very rough, or deep, the whole way. The postillions drove directly to the Dogana; where the trunks were taken off, and left till the next morning. No examination was made of the inside of the chaise, or coach, which came in our company. It was *jeudi gras*: or rather *jeudi gris*; for, of eleven persons at the custom-house, ten were drunk.

I had yesterday the happiness of your two letters, dated January 2 and 9, which gave me more pleasure than I can express. I set out for Naples on the 21st of this month, where I mean to stay a considerable time. As soon as I arrive there, I will answer particularly my dearest daughter's two letters. In the mean time, and ever,

I am, my beloved Polly,

your affectionate

and obliged father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER VIII.

Naples, March 1, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ARRIVED here the 26th of last month, and with pleasure embrace this earliest opportunity of making my compliments to

you. I wrote to you from Rome on the 16th of February. Since that time I have had the satisfaction of three more of your letters. One, of the 16th of January, at Rome, on the 18th of February; another, of the 26th of December, at Naples, on the 27th of February; and a third, 30th January, I had this morning. The letter my dear girl mentions of January 15 I have not yet; which prevents me answering as I wish many particulars which your letter of the day after (January 16) alludes to, and I am still ignorant of. I will only say, that I never yet found any reason to disapprove your conduct; and that I think you have behaved with your usual prudence, as far as I know. You see it is impossible to write an answer till I have that letter of the 15th January; and you will observe by the date of others how irregular the posts are. That of January 16 I received before that of December 26.—You mention your uncle

inclosing yours in one of his. I never received a line from him since I left Paris.

The post now gives me time only to tell you, that this is in my opinion the pleasantest place in Europe; and were you here with me, my fondest wishes would be answered. I mean to continue here; but I beg you to direct to me as usual, at Paris. By the next post you shall have a long letter. In the mean time, and for ever, you may rest assured of the warmest love of

your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

My kind love attends my brother and sister.

LETTER IX.

Naples, March 10, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE greatest pleasure I have in my absence from my dear girl, is the hearing from you and conversing with you, though in this imperfect manner. The scenes I have been lately engaged in, of going post from place to place, are not in themselves very entertaining; and I only gave you the particulars from the idea of their future usefulness; with the same view I shall now pursue my journal, which may hereafter be of service to my beloved daughter.

February 21, I went to the custom-house, and took out the two trunks which I had left there; and they were suffered to go out of Rome unsearched. I went from thence at one in the afternoon, and ar-

rived at Marino about six : lay there. The road tolerably good.—February 22, I left Marino between six and seven ; dined in the coach ; and at six in the evening arrived at Acquaviva, a most wretched solitary inn. The roads tolerably good this day too.—February 23, I left Acquaviva at five, travelled the whole day, and at eight arrived at Fondi. The roads rough, but level ; except the great descent from Piperno. After you leave Terracina, you have for about three miles a fine view of the sea. A variety of ancient monuments, almost the whole road.—February 24, left Fondi at half an hour after eight ; came to Mola on the banks of the sea, a little after one ; lay there : the whole road was over the old Appian Way, which is in very good preservation. Nothing, however, can be imagined more disagreeable ; the pavement being intolerably hard, and so slippery that the horses were continually coming down on their knees. I came

with horses hired for the whole journey ; and they were so fatigued that, though they had gone but two posts, I was obliged to continue at Mola till the next day. There is an infinite quantity of orange and lemon-trees, which were loaded with fruit and flowers. Laurels and laurustinuses were in all the hedges, and olive-trees grew wild on the hills.—February 25, left Mola at six : came to Garigliano at ten ; to S. Agatha at one. Dined there, and proceeded at four to Francolisi : but did not arrive there till one in the morning ; the cart that I was obliged to hire for the baggage, being overturned seven times. The road from Mola to Garigliano is the old Appian Way, and tolerably rough. At Garigliano you cross in a boat the river of that name ; and then you pass a fine meadow, and through roads intolerably deep and full of bad holes, quite to Francolisi. The inn at Francolisi was so wretched, that I slept a part of the night in the coach ;

—and February 26, at six in the morning, proceeded to Capua Nova. Arrived there a little after nine; dined: left it at one, and reached Naples at six. The baggage was examined at Mola, but not strictly: and about a mile from Naples, at Capo di Chino, the question was asked whether it had been examined at Mola; and it was suffered to proceed. The road from Francolisi to Capua Nova is deep, and full of holes; from thence to Naples pretty good, but some bad holes.

So much, my dear angel, for my journal. I am now here quiet; ever intent on the two great works—my edition of poor Churchill, and my History of England from the Revolution.—I am glad you have begun Rabin. Yet the first volumes you may skim lightly, till you come to Henry the Seventh; from that reign I would advise you to read him first cursorily, and a second time with much care. I fear you will find him dull; but he is tolerably

exact.—Let me beg you not to forget your French; a little every day; either of Boileau, Molière, Racine, or Corneille, would keep it up. I would have my dear daughter as much distinguished by every valuable accomplishment, as she is by her good-sense and sweetness of temper.

I have much to say to you, but I do not choose to do it by the post. You are always the first object of my thoughts, and your happiness is my first aim. Be gay, and look forward; there are rewards in store for true merit. This is my second letter to you from Naples; my next will be by a better conveyance than the post.

I am ever, my sweet girl,

your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER X.

Naples, March 12, 1765.

I HOPE my dear daughter will receive by the post of this day the long letter I have just had the honour of finishing; yet I would not omit this other occasion, by Mr. Yeo, of paying my compliments, and begging your acceptance of an elegant French book of geography, and a dozen pair of Roman gloves, which are thought the best in the world, and are worthy of an elegant young lady's hand. I suppose you will keep one pair at least for your return to Paris, to be handed by the young baron to the opera or *comédie*.

I do not undertake yet to give you any description of Naples. As to what concerns myself, thank heaven I am well; and as happy here as I can be, absent from

you. I am caressed here enough to put me to the blush ; but I live much retired, and avoid as much as possible all the Neapolitan nobility.

Good night, dear girl ; for it is now eleven. Be assured, I shall tenderly love you all my life. Adieu !

LETTER XI.

Naples, March 18, 1765.

I AM every day, my dearest Polly, more and more regretting the cruel distance we are from each other. I am most impatient for your letters, as what are my greatest comfort ; but the bad regulation of Italian posts makes me often wait much longer than I ought to do. It likewise deprives me of writing so frequently as I

am inclined to do, for Tuesday is the only post day in the week from hence.

Mr. Yeo left Naples the day before yesterday. I gave him a dozen pair of very elegant Roman gloves (which are thought the best in the world), and a new edition of that well-engraved French book of maps you admired so much, with a letter for you. I hear, since, the gloves were seized as contraband, but recovered; so that I hope they will come safe to your hand.

I have not yet received the letter to which you refer; as soon as I do, I will answer all the particulars. I am exceedingly concerned that my dear girl should have suffered any uneasiness: whenever it is in my power, I will prevent any approaching her.

It is as warm here now as it is generally in England in June, and the productions of the earth are as forward; the trees begin to be in leaf, and all nature seems to wear

a smiling aspect. I am here at an inn, called Stephano's; a large good house on the banks of the sea, which forms here a fine bay of about thirty miles in extent. The island of Capri is just opposite to the windows, and breaks the force of the waves which come into the bay. The sea is to the south. To the north are fine mountains, which defend the city from the cold winds; the burning mountain of Vesuvius is to the east; and other hills, with old castles in ruins, to the west.

The day before yesterday I went to the top of Vesuvius. It is indeed a most singular appearance. I chose a clear but cold day: yet the heat was so excessive, that all the skin of my face peeled off in two or three hours; from the excessive heats of the mountain, and the reflection of the sun. The mountain is a composition of cinders, pulverised brick, and calcined stones. It is with difficulty you ascend: I had five men to get me up;—two before, whose gir-

dles I laid hold of; and three behind, who pushed me by the back. I approached quite to the opening, from whence issues the sulphureous smoke: I guess it to be about a mile in circumference. I lay on my belly against the side, on the edge, and looked down; but could see very little: only now and then, when the wind blew the smoke much on one side, I could see several ragged mountains of yellow (sulphur, I suppose). I endeavoured to go quite round; but was almost suffocated by the smoke, and obliged hastily to retire. You descend with great difficulty, sometimes almost up to the knees in ashes.—The stones, ashes, &c. are so burnt that they make a composition harder than marble, which is called *lava*. It is of an iron-grey colour; and serves for chimney-pieces, tables, and snuff-boxes: but is not beautiful; yet, if you choose it, I will send you some.

Vesuvius is at once the terror and the happiness of all this neighbourhood. It

is often the occasion of earthquakes, and sometimes overwhelms whole cities; but its subterraneous fires make all the neighbourhood fertile, and the best wines near this place are from the vines half-way up the mountain.

My old friend, sir William Stanhope, is here, in good health and spirits. I have often the pleasure of seeing him. He inquires about you.

I beg you to remember my respectful compliments to lord and lady Temple. When you see my mother, assure her of my duty; and my brothers and sister of my love.

I am, my dearest daughter,
your most affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XII.

Naples, March 26, 1765.

I CANNOT miss this opportunity, by the Tuesday's post, of writing to my dearest daughter, though I have not since my last the satisfaction of any of her letters. I have been very busy in looking out for a small house, and have at last succeeded; for I have taken one a little out of the town, which commands the neighbouring hills and this fine bay. I shall there, at more leisure than I possibly could at Paris, attend to my two works for the press.

I am impatient to know how you find London on your return. I have had two letters from mademoiselle La Vallerie, in which she regrets exceedingly the not having heard from you. I wish you to write to her, at monsieur D'Espilly's, *rue St.*

Jacques. Let me beg you likewise not to forget madame De Chantereine, nor the baronne. Madame de Chantereine sends me word, by mademoiselle La Vallerie, that she wishes you might be entirely with her; and so does La Vallerie. Madame de Chantereine would let any masters you choose come to her house to attend you; and would only ask 2000 livres a-year for yourself, femme-de-chambre, and footman, I paying all the masters. This is the substance of a proposal to which I have given no answer. We must both be content as things are, for a little time: after that, I hope we shall be together; my text has always been "Look forward." Let me know all that happens, and what my dear daughter wishes; nobody but she knows my real sentiments, and I have always found that I could depend on you in every thing.

This is my fifth letter to you from Naples. My old friend sir William Stanhope and I are much together, but the people

of the country are too disagreeable to associate with. I always think of the company which gives me most pleasure; and be assured, dearest Polly, that I shall ever endeavour to convince you how entirely you possess the heart of your

affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIII.

Naples, April 9, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the pleasure of writing to you as usual by last Tuesday's post; and of mentioning to you what occurred to my mind as the best scheme with respect to yourself, our relations in Red-lion-court, and mademoiselle La Vallerie. I have

not heard from England since ; therefore all I can add is, I am ever in the same way of thinking, and in the same disposition to oblige my dear daughter to the utmost of my power.—Let me beg you for the future to write to me always directly here at Naples, and only direct your letters à *monsieur Wilkes, à Naples, Italie*. You must order the servant who carries them to the post-office in Lombard-street, to pay the postage ; or they will not come. A letter is twenty days in the common passage from London to Naples : if the wind is contrary, it is more. I suspect that the multiplicity of business Mr. Foley and Mr. Panchard have at Paris, prevents their clerks giving the attention one could wish to send the letters of their correspondents by the first post after they arrive. The direct way therefore from London to Naples is the best.

I am every day sending to the post, without having got any letter since that of

January 30; which makes me extremely uneasy. I shall continue, however, to write; and beg my dear girl to write every week. All the other letters I directed to you at your uncle Heaton's: this comes under Mr. Nesbitt's cover.

I am just got into a pleasant house, in a sweet situation, where I am from morning to night with a pen or a book in my hand. That is my present business, which entirely occupies me. In the eating-room are your crayons of the woman's head, and the basket of fruit; and your picture by Mr. Fossier, which I always fill a glass to in the absence of the dear original,—whose I am, with all the tenderness of a father's love,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIV.

Naples, April 16, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

It was the highest satisfaction to me on the 12th to receive three of your letters, of very distant dates. They are of February 6 and 15, and March 6. I guess that one has miscarried, for I dare say that you wrote to me between the 15th of February and the 6th of March. I thank you very much for the entertainment these three charming letters have afforded me, and for all the marks of affection you give me. Let us both continue to love one another more than all the rest of the world, and that will sweeten every thing, however cross and disagreeable it may appear. I beg you for the future to write to me directly *at Naples, Italy*; and I believe, according to the

rules at our post-office, it must be paid for when it is put in.

I am much concerned to hear that my dear sister Sally has been so dangerously ill. I hope your next will give me the agreeable news of her perfect recovery. Pray, let her know how ardently I wish it; and assure her of my best love, and my mother of my duty.

Is miss Davidson as handsome as she was two years ago? My compliments attend her, and her worthy father.

I am very glad to hear that you have danced so frequently; it is a noble and elegant exercise: but pray take care not to dance too long at any one time, as your constitution is so delicate; and I fear your sitting up too late. The city, I find, grows not only elegant, but luxurious; I believe, even equal to the polite end of the town.

Who is the Mr. Mason you mention? Is he not the nephew of the late Mr. Edwards,

of Turrick?—I am glad your little tour to Harrow amused you.. How does my nephew and namesake Jack *? Remember me to him, and to blue-eyed Nancy, &c. I long to see them; but much more my sweet girl.

I am much diverted with the particulars you mention about me in the English papers. Our news-writers are very welcome to take my name in vain whenever they want a paragraph, or it answers any purpose to them. I wish you to tell me every thing that amuses you..

I am glad you was so well entertained at Covent Garden. Is Mr. Garrick yet returned to his own theatre of Drury Lane? or is the town impatient for him?

You cannot read Pope too much. He is the most correct of our English poets; though he has not the strength and copi-

* His natural son, John Smith, who was then at Harrow school, and whom he called his *nephew*..

ousness of Dryden, nor of my dear Churchill.

My dear girl frequently mentions many little particulars, about which she asks my advice. The distance is so great, that it is impossible for you to receive my answer in time. I trust to your prudence, which I know is very great; and your affection for a father who honours you more than all your sex, and loves you beyond any person in the world.

I am here quite retired: I have not been out but once for a fortnight, nor seen any body but sir William Stanhope and major Ridley. I am amusing myself (as I hope that I shall others afterwards) with my pen. The edition of Churchill, and the History, occupy me entirely; and I look into futurity for the pleasing days when we shall be together. I am ever, my dearest daughter, beyond what any words can tell you,
your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XV.

Naples, April 23, 1765.

I HAVE been ever since the 12th in the most impatient expectation of the entertainment your letters always afford. I mentioned in my letter to you last week, that the last I received was dated March 6; but I have the comfort of thinking there are several from you on their way to Naples. I continue to write every week; for it is the greatest pleasure as well as consolation to me in this cruel absence.

I am here in such a retirement as is perfectly suited to my schemes, both for my friend's works and my own. I lay here (I mean in the house I have hired out of the town, though within its jurisdiction), for the first time, on the 3d of this month; and I have been only once in Naples, to dine with sir William Stanhope, and he has been once to dine here. You

see by this how closely I attend to business: and how much I have at heart to shew the world how I loved Churchill; and what influence those I loved, even when gone from us, retain over me.

Has my dear girl seen lord or lady Temple lately? Does my mamma Wilkes ever visit in Red-lion-court? Has monsieur Goy been lately to pay his compliments to you? Is miss Penton married? Have you received the book and gloves I sent you by Mr. Yeo (I mean *Le Siège de Calais*)? Does Pope continue to please you? Are you very fond of Shakspeare; of his best pieces,—Richard the Third, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, and the Tempest? Let me know all your pleasures: nothing can add so much to my own.

Lord Beauchamp, I hear, is still at Florence. Mr. Bigge is returned to Rome. It is a rule all over Italy, for the persons who are already there to visit the newcomers. The contrary custom prevails in

France.—I have not been to visit any newcomers, as I choose to live retired. The best company, however, I see at sir William Stanhope's, at lady Orford's, and at the houses of two or three of the nobility, when I choose it—which is very seldom. If my dear girl was at Naples, I should not complain of the rigour of my fate, nor the injustice done me.

The weather has been very rainy till yesterday. It is now as fine as can be imagined. On the continent it is scarcely known what a beautiful green is, such as our lawns are in the beginning of spring; in England it is scarcely known what a fine blue the arch of heaven is here,—pure, serene, and unclouded, sometimes for weeks together. Fine weather and warm suns are what distinguish Italy; but I own I love my native country so well that I shall hail the inclement fogs of Old England, when I can with honour and dignity. If I cannot ever with those two circum-

stances in our own island, then we will, my beloved daughter, contrive our meeting here, or in France; and it shall be, I hope, soon,—though not so soon as I wished. In the mean time, my most pleasing thoughts are about you, and my last glass of wine and water (for pure wine I seldom touch) is always to your health and pleasures.

Commencez aujourd'hui le cours

D'une longue suite d'années.

Espérez, en croissant, d'heureuses destinées;
Et qu' une belle humeur anime vos beaux jours !

Il sied mal à quinze ans d'être triste et rêveuse.
Mais n'accordez à vos desirs

(Si vous avez dessein d'être toujours heureuse)

Que ce que la nature a d'innocens plaisirs.

So sings the elegant Pavillon: your good-sense does not want such advice; but the verses came into my head, and they are so pretty I could not help transcribing them.

Good night, dear Polly! remember me to all our friends. You do not know how I

miss you, nor how often I think of you in
all my little amusements. I shall ever be,
my sweet girl,

your most affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XVI.

Naples, May 7, 1765.

I HAVE sent every day for the last
month, my dearest Polly, to the post, in
the hope of receiving some of your letters;
for I am persuaded that you have not
omitted writing to me, and I need not re-
peat that the greatest satisfaction I have in
my exile is hearing from my beloved
daughter. I am sometimes uneasy for
your health; and the more so, as the wea-
ther has been worse than was ever known

in this fine climate. We have had a deluge of rain ever since the beginning of April; and the Neapolitans say that it is colder now than in November or December. I will however try to keep up my spirits; and "Hope" shall still be my motto. Lest my other letters should have miscarried, I repeat that I beg you to write to me directly here, *à monsieur, monsieur Wilkes, à Naples, Italie*; and something must be paid, I believe, on the letter's being put into the post-house.

Last Saturday I assisted at the great festival which is kept twice a-year here. It is on occasion of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the patron of the kingdom of Naples. All the nobility and the people were assembled. There was a very fine concert performed in the church where this miracle was to be performed. A cardinal came in great pomp, dressed in his scarlet robes; and soon after was brought a glass case, containing two chry-

stal phials. These were held up to the people. I stood on the steps of the altar; and saw in the largest a thick red substance, which looked like coagulated blood. In the smaller phial was a substance not so thick. After the glass case containing the phial had been held up for some time, it was brought near a head of the saint,—made of brass, but having on a large mitre entirely covered with jewels and precious stones. The cardinal then repeated several prayers in Latin, and kept turning about the glass case for about twenty minutes; when on a sudden, bowing to the people, he cried out “The miracle is done!” in Italian, and the multitude seemed frantic with joy—the women especially. A little before, they were grown mad with impatience; and began to tear their hair, beat their breasts, and make furious howlings, *praying* God to *pray* St. Januarius to perform the miracle. If the miracle does not happen (in the Neapolitan phrase),

the people here expect some dreadful disaster. After the liquefaction, the cardinal (on his knees), the imperial ambassador, &c. &c. kissed the relick with great devotion. The people now think themselves safe against Vesuvius, and all other dangers, for six months at least.—I should have mentioned that a sacred oratorio is performed in the church just before the liquefaction, the book of which was given me. There are three persons introduced in this oratorio; God Almighty, Religion, and the City of Naples. I will soon send you a translation of it. I tell it my dear girl just as it passed, while it is fresh in my mind.

Is Mr. Garrick yet returned to England? Have you got your book of maps, which I sent by Mr. Yeo? I hear the gloves were seized.—Let me know how you amuse yourself, and every mark of kindness shewn you; that I may prove I am

not ungrateful to my best friends, those who are kind to my daughter.

I am ever, my dearest Polly,
your most affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XVII.

Naples, May 21, 1763.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the great entertainment of your letter of the 20th April on the 17th of this month; and in it was enclosed a note from the comptroller of the foreign office, "that it was necessary, when letters were put into the post-office for Italy, to pay the postage at the same time; if that was omitted, it was usual to return the letters:" however, he paid me the compliment of

forwarding it, and desired the shilling due might be sent. I beg the favour of you therefore to send one of my brother Heaton's servants, or his clerk, to the general post-office Lombard-street, with the shilling for the comptroller of the foreign office; and desire the servant to mention on what account it is due. For the future, be so good to be particularly careful that the servant pays the postage on putting the letter into the office.

Now I come to answer my dear girl's letter. I am very glad that the two letters, of the 26th March and April 2, came to your hands; but you do not mention that you received some of the former which I wrote to you,—from Modena January 17, from Rome February 16, and from Naples the 7th and 19th March. I do not find that you have yet received any of these letters.

I have heard two or three times from poor La Vallerie, who by no means likes

her present situation at Paris. If you could prevail for her coming to Red-lion-court, she would set out immediately; and you might write to her directly from London, at monsieur d'Espilly's, *à la croix d'or, rue St. Jacques*. She has money enough in her hands, from the sale of the furniture, &c. and of her own.—I have above half finished my edition of Churchill; and at present intend to stay here only a few months more, and to go somewhere else to print it: but this my dear girl shall know soon, and some other circumstances which I believe she will like.

I assure you that I was never more disappointed than in the inhabitants of Italy. I expected to see a very clever and polite people; on the contrary, you cannot imagine any thing more ignorant, more ill-bred, or more coarse, than they are. Their conversation is shocking to a modest ear. You may imagine from this, how disagreeable it would be to you to

make any stay in this country.—The travelling too is worse than I can describe. The roads are bad; and in many places no windows at all in their houses,—in most only paper. The wooden shutters are opened in the day-time; but when a storm of rain or wind happens, the room is shut up, and candles are lighted. For three days I could get nothing to eat but red herrings, eggs, and bread. The people have a deal of low cunning and tricking, but very little sense.

I regret that you did not see the shew of lord Byron's trial. Pray write to good madame Chantereine from time to time: she loves you as much as if you were her daughter. Have you seen Mr. Cotes lately, or any of that family? I have not once wrote to your uncle Heaton: because I would not write a harsh letter; and I have not yet forgiven him the ill-nature of not letting my daughter have with her a servant she liked. If I do write some time

hence, it will only be because you desire it, and I can refuse you nothing.

I shall be very happy to receive the drawing you mention; it should be cut close because of the post, and I will paste it on other paper afterwards.

Mr. Aston was at Naples for a month; not with the Mrs. Aston who was at Paris, but a French Mrs. Aston—who diverted us very much.—Lord Mountstuart and his governor are gone. They lodged at the inn called Stephano's, on the banks of the sea, while I was there; but not a word passed between us.

Remember me to all our common friends; and be assured I shall ever be

your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

Have you seen lord or lady Temple lately, or any of our Buckinghamshire friends?

LETTER XVIII.

Naples, June 25, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD your agreeable letter of May 30, yesterday. I have never missed writing to my dear girl every week; and I am entirely satisfied of the same punctuality on her part, which I beg may be continued.

Major Ridley, an English friend of mine, is going next Thursday from hence to Marseilles, in a French ship. I take this opportunity of quitting Italy rather than the going by land; considering the badness of the roads, and of all sorts of accommodations: I could not go in a small tartan without some one friend, and I would not choose one more agreeable than the good major.

The passage has been sometimes one week, sometimes three; but as soon as ever

I arrive at Marseilles, I shall not fail to pay you my compliments by the post, and give you the little history of my voyage. I mean at present to go from Marseilles to Geneva, on a short visit to Voltaire ; and from thence to Lausanne, to print my edition of Churchill. I beg my dear daughter to write to me at Geneva ; and to inquire at the post-office if the letter is not to be paid for, as is usual with the foreign posts. I order all letters to be sent after me to Geneva.

This little tour reminds me of our passage by the Needles, and our Isle of Wight expedition. I shall never forget the circumstance of the variety of birds, of your courage when we fired so near you, and of the laugh we all had with poor Harris, &c. But alas ! I can have no company that pleases me half so much in this little voyage, although the major is very sensible and agreeable. Let us hope, my dear angel, that we have many such happy times in

store. I please myself in the present voyage, that I am still drawing nearer to you; but wherever I am you will be sure that you will always be supreme in the heart of your

affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIX.

Marseilles, July 9, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I PAID my compliments to you from Naples, the post before I embarked for this place. Major Ridley and I took our passage aboard a small French tartan, called the St. Pierre, on Thursday evening, June 27. Our good friend, sir William Stanhope, was so obliging as to come to see

us on board ; and seemed to take pity on us for the smallness of the vessel, and the badness of accommodations. We comforted ourselves with our being a less time on the sea, on account of the vessel's being so good a sailer ; and on our avoiding Italian roads, Italian inns, &c. which are most execrable.

There was so dead a calm that we did not get out of the gulph of Naples till the next morning, and several times we were becalmed at sea. We had laid in a little stock of beef and veal ; as well as live store, as they are called. Our live stock consisted of only five fowls ; which were put to death, and devoured, three days before we reached land. A large pie was of excellent service to us. The major and I drank your health regularly twice a-day ; but we were so badly off for accommodations, we could not wish you with us—though we wished ourselves with you.—At last we got near Toulon, which is about

thirty English miles from Marseilles, on Sunday afternoon, July 7; so that we lay just ten nights on board. The wind being against us for Marseilles, and our provisions as well as our patience almost exhausted, we chose to get to land as soon as we could; and we got into Toulon. We lay there that night; and yesterday at four we set out for this place, which we reached about six in the evening. The road, like almost all the rest in France, is very good, but scarcely any *pavé*.

I was greatly disappointed at Toulon. The town is quite mean; but the dock-yards, &c. are very considerable. It does not seem to me above one-half so big as Dover. From Toulon to Marseilles the country is very poor and barren. You see few trees but firs and olives, both which will grow almost any where except on rich soils. The olive-tree is disagreeable; for it is a *sombre* brown, when one expects a green.

I left Brown, my postchaise, and baggage, on board of the French tartan; and they are not yet arrived, although they are expected every hour. Poor Brown was very sick the whole voyage; but I escaped tolerably well,—only, from the heat of the sun, my face burns like hot coals.

We had what is called a water-spout break very near us. It is a kind of whirlwind at sea. The clouds are driven round in a circle, then form an immense spout, and the water of the sea is carried up with vast violence till it joins with that in the clouds. Sometimes small vessels have been sunk by it. A cannon is often fired to dissipate it. That which we saw was neither large enough, nor near enough to us, to give us any apprehensions.—I thought this short account of it might divert you, as it is really curious.

I know very little as yet of Marseilles, for I have not a clean shirt till Brown arrives; but in passing through the streets,

there seem to be many considerable buildings, and the town is remarkable for its great trade. I write by this post to you uncle Heaton; but, for fear of accidents, I wish you to send him a little note that I am arrived here safely in my way to Geneva, where I beg him to direct my letters. I beg my dearest daughter to do so likewise, and to favour me with her correspondence every week. I hope, as soon as I arrive at Geneva to receive two or three at least of your letters, and the most agreeable news of your health.

I am, with more tenderness than words can tell you, my dearest daughter,

your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XX.

Marseilles, July 10, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the pleasure of writing you a long letter yesterday by the post; but the opportunity of sending you a fine print, by captain Welldone, has made me resume the pen. I am well, but not quite recovered of my ten days sea voyage.

The print is done by the famous Angelica Kauffman, who is the first painter in Europe; and her paintings are allowed to have the grace of Raphael, the warmth of Corregio's colouring, and the delicacy of Guido.

The post-chaise of the captain is at the door; therefore I have only time to add that I am ever

yours most tenderly,

JOHN WILKES.

This drawing won the prize of the academy of St. Luke at Rome.

I wrote to your uncle Heaton yesterday.

LETTER XXI.

Geneva, July 29, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE only time, before the post goes from hence, to tell you that I am arrived in good health here; through very bad roads, and as bad accommodations as you can imagine. By Friday's post you shall have my tour. In the mean time I shall only say, that in half an hour I go to pay my compliments to the celebrated Voltaire, along with lord Abingdon.

I shall ever be, more than my pen can ever tell you, my dear angel,

your most affectionate

and obliged father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXII.

Geneva, August 6, 1765.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I FEAR that I tired you with an account of a dull sea voyage of ten days from Naples to Toulon. My land excursion from thence to Geneva is rather more fruitful of events.

I had the pleasure of the major's company quite to Grenoble, the capital of Dauphiné. I went to the parliament-house there; out of respect to the members, who had made about two years ago a noble struggle in favour of liberty. They have an excellent picture of Louis V. there; but nothing else remarkable, and the town is but indifferent;—the situation is, however, agreeable among the mountains.

I went from Grenoble to see the Grande Chartreuse; which is the chief monastery

of the Chartreux, and where the general chapter is held once in every year. It is about eight leagues from Grenoble; among the most savage rocks, and gloomy woods, you can imagine. The situation inspires horror rather than pensiveness. The monks are extremely hospitable, and entertain strangers very well. They speak only on particular days; but a *père coadjuteur* is appointed to receive and to do the honours to strangers, and the *père général* may always talk. They eat no meat; but they have fish of all sorts, and garden-stuff. They are allowed to drink wine, and the *père général* sent me a present of the best Burgundy I ever tasted. They receive all strangers; and there are separate apartments for the English, French, Spaniards, &c. with a large hall for each to dine in. The building is immense, and near it are small houses for all kinds of workmen. I lay there; and was as well entertained as it is

possible to be,—with the best fish, bread, butter, cheese, and wine. I ought to have mentioned first the pious conversation of the good fathers; which edified me greatly, though not quite converted so obstinate a heretic as my dear Polly knows me to be. Many of the fathers have lived much in the gay world; and are indeed truly gentlemen,—very polite and easy, and not in the least peevish. Several of them were only sons of great fortunes, who have voluntarily retired there. They have each a bed-chamber, an antichamber, a cabinet, and a garden; with a variety of iron and wooden instruments to make chairs, boxes, &c. to amuse themselves.

There is a very old chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, called St. Bruno's chapel (the founder of the order). It is a strange antique building, much higher among the rocks than the present convent. The old convent stood there; but a great fragment of the rock tumbling down, and crushing

several of the fathers, obliged the survivors to build where the Chartreuse now stands. The famous La Trappe near Paris, which is remarkable for its strictness, holds under the Grande Chartreuse.—I found it extremely cold, though it was the end of July; and there is almost perpetual rain there. The road from Grenoble to it is among rocks and over precipices, with fine cascades tumbling down in a most romantic manner *.

* The following is a copy of the entry written by Mr. Wilkes in the Album of the Grande Chartreuse.

“ I had the happiness of passing the entire day of July 24, 1765, in this romantic place, with the good fathers of the Grande Chartreuse; and I reckon it among the most agreeable of my life. I was charmed with the hospitality and politeness I met with, and edified by the conversation of the *père général* and the *père coadjuteur*. The savageness of the woods, the gloom of the rocks, and the perfect solitude, conspire to make the mind

I found my good friend, lord Abingdon, here; and we went together to see Voltaire. I was charmed with the reception he gave me, and still more with the fine sense and exquisite wit of his conversation. He put me to the blush by the many compliments he paid me; and the most generous offers he made me about his printers, &c. I do not know when I have been so highly entertained; but I know, after all, that I had rather be with my dear girl than with the first wits or beauties in the world.

I read in the foreign papers, as well as the English, a variety of articles about myself, which amuse me. Every thing, however trifling, which can regard a man

pensive, and to lull to rest all the turbulent guilty passions of the soul. I felt much regret at leaving the place and the good fathers, but I carry with me the liveliest sense of their goodness.

“ John Wilkes, *Anglois*.”

whose name has been so often printed, becomes interesting to the public. I let the news-writers take my name in vain as often as they please. They get by so many paragraphs, and I am amused as well as others with their nonsense.

Pray, my dearest Polly, write to me every week; and be assured of the unalterable affection of

your obliged father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Sept. 30, 1765.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

AFTER a tedious journey from Geneva, I arrived at this capital of politeness and luxury, yesterday morning at one. I am now pretty well, but the two last days I

was out of order at Geneva. I dined at the good baron's, and there were a thousand inquiries after you. — Every thing there goes on in the same agreeable way. The Parisians seem overjoyed to see again a man who much admires their life and gaiety.

I went yesterday to monsieur D'Espilly's to see mademoiselle La Vallerie; but she was gone out, as well as D'Espilly and his wife. I expect her here this morning; but as the post goes out so early, you cannot in this letter have any more news of her than that she is well.

I would not delay by this first post paying my respects to my dearest Polly: by the next you shall hear more. I have only to add a truth above fifteen years old,—

that I am your affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XXIV.

Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier, Nov. 1, 1765.

I HAVE just received my sweet Polly's letter of October 22 from Clapham; and methinks I am sorry you have not yet got into warm winter-quarters at London. There is in the country towards the end of October a raw coldness in the air, which to me was very disagreeable, and I thought was a good deal corrected by the smoke of the thousand fires blazing in town. I therefore wished you rather in town; and above all in the town of Paris,—because I am there, and you neither dislike me nor this sprightly nation.

Among the many changes which are daily taking place in our country, some are talked of in which I am not a little interested. The consequences I do not fully know. In the mean time madame Chan-

tereine and I talk much about our dear miss Wilkes, and she would be very glad of your company under her roof. I do not yet know the result of some other things yet in agitation in London, and therefore at present take wary resolution; but I think that we shall not long be separated. My first and fondest wish is, that we may soon meet.

Mademoiselle La Vallerie has been ill for a week; and the whole artillery of medicine, as usual, has been played off against her,—physicking, bleeding, &c. She is still weak, but better. She desires her best respects.

I live as usual here; generally dining out, and coming home in the evening to read or scribble. I miss at Paris my dearest, most amiable, miss Wilkes; and nothing makes up for that loss. My greatest pleasure is to talk of you with your old friends.—Madame D'Holbach had your letter, and was much pleased with it. The baron and I are more intimate than ever.

The young gentleman is very much yours, and now comes of himself to warm his little fingers. Monsieur Fossier dined with me last week; he sends his compliments. Good night,

my dearest daughter!

and believe me ever

your most affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTERS TO MR. COTES.

LETTER I.

Naples, March 25, 1765.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I WROTE to you just before I left Paris, and again from Rome. I enclosed the notes respecting yourself in our dear friend's works, which will tell this age at least my sense of the many obligations I have to you. I take it for granted our rascally post-office stopped those private letters, as the officers of the customs did the public ones to my *quondam* constituents at Aylesbury. There is not a man in Europe who writes to a friend under the disadvantages I now do. I have reason to fear the shadow of a pen; yet I will persevere,—in justice to myself, in love to my country, in veneration to the memory of

poor Churchill. He told me, and the world too,

Resolve not quick,—but, once resolv'd, be strong.

I am following every part of the plan I had concerted with him. I shall soon be here in a philosophical retirement, such as he admired ; in the bosom of philosophy and patriotism, for so you will find it. I came here upon principle to dedicate myself to my two great works ; the edition of his noble poetry, and my History. I have taken a house in a healthy situation which overlooks the town, and hope to be quietly in it in a few days : it will cost me about thirty-five pounds a-year, but I am obliged to buy some furniture ; there is no such thing as a ready-furnished house in this country, and I need not tell you how expensive an inn is here. I shall live quietly here without going into the town, except sometimes to see my old friend sir William Stanhope ; and I will have no incumbrance of any kind.

I have not had one line from you since I left Calais; and I know no more of what has happened in England since Christmas, than of what has happened in China. I mean, from authentic hands; for I see the London Chronicle at sir William's, and lord Chesterfield's letters. He says that all great and noble-minded spirit is dead in England, and that nothing now remains but the love of the guinea; a love, dear Cotes, you and I never had enough of.

All the English at Turin, Florence, Rome, and here, came to see me. I did not go to sir Horace Mann's at Florence: but sent my excuses by the French envoy, to whom I had letters; that it was not from personal disrespect, but from the peculiarity of my situation, that I did not wait upon him,—because I would not embarrass him. I sent the same kind of message to Mr. Hamilton, the minister here, both by his brother and sir William Stanhope. I have since met him at lady Or-

ford's, and he thanked me for my civility and attention. I was very particularly careful in my journey from Paris quite to Naples, to avoid every possibility of a fracas in any country; for I knew there was not any where an English minister who would give himself any trouble to see justice done me against a native: and from my prudence no accident happened.

The foreign gazettes are very impertinently sending me into the service of half the princes in Europe. I hope my friends at home do me more justice, and think of me as I do of myself,—ever actually in the service of England, and for my life unalienably attentive to my country. The most unjust and cruel persecutions, the most unmerited outlawries, shall never warp my allegiance. I do not forget the *present* page of our history, and a second letter to the borough of Aylesbury shall soon prove it *.

* He, however, did not write a second letter to the borough of Aylesbury.

I ask lord Mansfield's pardon; for I was several days at Rome, and never once saw either the old Pretender or the cardinal of York.

I wrote a letter to my cousin Mr. Nesbitt in relation to the History, which I am very anxious about, and which had relation to a private letter he sent me to Calais. I desired him to consult you, but I have heard nothing of what has been done since.

I am entirely ignorant as to my private affairs. My expences at leaving Paris, and my journeys here, have cost me not a little. I hear, from sir William Stanhope, of a real legacy of 1000 l.; but I am still in the dark as to the certainty of it. I mean to go on as fast as possible to finish my two great works in peace here; and I hope to eat my frugal morsel with content and cheerfulness,—though many a sigh and tear escape me for the death of dear Churchill, and the absence of miss Wilkes, you, lord

and lady Temple, and a few, very few, more.

Pray remember me very respectfully to lord and lady Temple, to Mr. Onslow, the colonel, Mr. Fitzherbert, &c. Be so good to write to me soon; and let me know what Jack Churchill wishes as to his brother's works, and all the particulars I mentioned in my letter from Calais. I beg you to send me all my letters to poor Churchill; my prints of Hampden, Sidney, &c. given me by Mr. Hollis, and those of lord Temple and Mr. Pitt.

Remember me kindly at Byfleet, and to Jack*.

I am ever, dear Cotes,

gratefully and affectionately yours,

JOHN WILKES.

* His natural son, John Smith.

LETTER II.

Naples, May 21, 1765.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I NEED not say to you that no man is less disposed to peevishness than I am. Nature has favoured me with tolerable dispositions; which I have not been uncaredful to cultivate, in a good measure for my own peace and quiet. Yet I own that I have experienced as many vexations as most men of my age. The loss of Churchill I shall always reckon the most cruel of all the afflictions I have suffered: I will soon convince mankind that I knew how to value such superior genius and merit.

My absence from England, miss Wilkes, you, and a few more, I often lament with tears. Methinks you should soften it by

letters as frequently as you can. I have not had a line from you since the beginning of December; and am entirely in the dark as to all the particulars I wrote about from Calais,—relative to the public, to the care of Churchill's works, and to my own private affairs. I know not what arrangements of any kind have been taken: whether I am to draw for any thing from hence, or whether there is nothing left, I am still in a cruel uncertainty. I know nothing likewise of what was left unpaid to Foley and Panchaud at Paris.

I have seen scarcely any company here, except sir William Stanhope and lady Orford. I live alone, and write or read ten hours a-day regularly. I have more than half finished the projected edition of Churchill; and my thoughts now turn towards the printing it, which I find cannot be done here. My History at times has been a relief to me from the other work. I wait to receive from England the various

pamphlets published relative to poor Churchill, which I see advertised in the papers. I shall be ready before winter to set the press to work for our dear friend's valuable Remains; and if I am left in the dark as much as I am at present, I shall go to Geneva or Lausanne, or Amsterdam, and publish a first edition,—leaving it to a second to rectify the mistakes which my long absence from England may have occasioned. I am ever intent on doing honour to the memory of a departed friend whom I most dearly loved, and all the services to my native country which are in the reach of my poor abilities. You, lord Temple, and a few more, will find the just tribute of praise which the public and I owe to you: Bute, Holland, and Sandwich, will see that I think of them just as I did in England.

I have no diversions here of any kind, but the little company I have mentioned. I am now quite alone, for mademoiselle Corradini and her mother are gone from

Naples; though the world had as little to do with my amusements as with our friend's. My countrymen will see in a few months how well I have been employed, and how steady I am in every cause in which I am engaged; for I think the Notes * are really good.

I beg you to remember me very affectionately to our agreeable friends at Byfleet; and to Jack †, when you write to him.

I am told of changes in the ministry, and that some of the friends of liberty are likely to be employed. I shall rejoice at every change, because I am sure that it *must* be for the better. I am still devoted to 'the good old cause:' and if those few whom I love and trust can shew me how I can serve it, I shall be ready at a moment's notice to sacrifice every thing to it, either

* On Churchill: all which (as far as Mr. Wilkes proceeded in them) are inserted in the third volume of the present work.

† His natural son.

here or in any part of the world ; and I desire you would, my dear friend, repeat it to those in whom you confide.

This is my fourth letter to you since I have been transalpine. I hope soon to receive one from you, long and full. Be assured, dearest Cotes, no man loves you better ; no friend will ever be more true, more grateful ; than

your affectionate and obliged

JOHN WILKES.

The famous abbé Winckelman, superintendant of the antiquities of Rome, has sent me an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster. I have inscribed it to my dear Churchill *.

* The inscription will be found in vol. iii. page 67, of the present work.

LETTER III.

Naples, May 28, 1765.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE wrote to you several times since I left Paris, but without once having the favour of a line from you. I am entirely ignorant of all public and private affairs (I except only what relates to my daughter), which is no small part of my present vexation. I look forward, however, to better times; and feel a resource in my old fortitude, adequate to every affliction but the death of Churchill and the absence of a very few.

I breathe the same spirit of liberty even in this land of slaves; and am ready, whenever the standard of liberty is set up, to fight under it, though not quite so near as some of you may. As to the Scottish minister, I remain the same: I did all I could

to drive the boars out of the garden ; I am ready again should they get in, as I hear they will. I desire you to say so to all you converse with who are joined in the common cause.

I have never heard any thing of my private affairs. I have not drawn upon you : but I must next Saturday, for 50 l. 4 s. 7 d. which I received of the marquis Belloni at Rome (a great banker), and he will have a bill on you at ten-days sight. If my affairs are in your hands, I beg you for my honour and that of our country to accept it. If they are not, I trust to your friendship, that you will give directions for the acceptance and the payment. It is no considerable affair.

I have told you fully about our dear friend's works and the Notes relative to yourself, as likewise of my History. I do not know your sentiments on any of these heads ; but I am sure you and the public will approve what I shall soon submit to

you both. No man has ever taken more pains that Notes, a dull business of itself, may not *disgrace* his fair classic page.

I told you in my last that I am here quite alone; wishing to return to my native country with honour and dignity; ever devoted to it, and to the few elect sons of virtue,—and consequently, my dearest friend,

yours very sincerely,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER IV.

Geneva, August 18, 1765.

MY DEAR COTES,

I HAD a letter from Heaton by the last post, in which he tells me of a very long one you had favoured me with. I have not, however, yet the happiness of receiving it.

I congratulate you most heartily on the important changes now carrying on. I hope all the boars are drove out of the fair garden of England.

Heaton asks me several questions; I know not by what authority, nor on what foundation. If I am to give my opinion, Constantinople is by far the most eligible. Perhaps he is only amusing himself and me.

As to all my proceedings here concerning the press, I promise you that at present nothing shall appear, nor even any friend get a copy. I will mar nothing by precipitation. I am ready; but I wait for another opportunity. I fear to do harm, and I do not even wish to irritate.

I beg you to remember me very affectionately to all your family, and to dear Jack. I am ever, my dearest friend, very warmly and gratefully yours,

JOHN WILKES.

Voltaire is obliging to me beyond all expression.

LETTER V.

Geneva, Sept. 21, 1765.

MY DEAR COTES,

I HAVE not yet the favour of the long letter you promised me, nor indeed of any from you since the short one of July the 10th. I have just now one from my brother Heaton, and I think that I ought not to be so far from the scene of action.

I intend therefore to set out to-morrow for Paris, and I hope to be there by the last day of this month.

I shall answer your letter the moment it comes to my hands. I beg you to direct to me *à l'hotel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris.*

My best compliments attend Mrs. Cotes, and all your family.

I am ever, my dearest friend,

yours most affectionately,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER VI.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Sept. 30, 1765.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE just time to tell you that I arrived here early yesterday morning from Geneva; and am indeed very happy in the thought that I am once more near my native London, and such a friend as you.

I am most impatient to receive the long letter you promised me. I have many important ideas revolving in this busy mind, but I wait for your letter before I take my resolutions.

I have always had it in my view that I might possibly be obliged again to put to sea as a political writer. My studies and my thoughts have many months been directed to that point; and I have abundant store of constitutional materials drawn

from history, the classics, &c. Perhaps, however, another fate awaits me. I cannot tell what the womb of fate is big with; but I know that nothing can ever change me from being, with truth and gratitude,

your affectionate friend,
and humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER VII.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier,
Monday, Oct. 7, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE had the pleasure several times of seeing Mr. Horne, and I thank you heartily for so valuable an acquaintance. He did not know of my being here, and therefore sent your packet of letters to me

at Geneva. They are not yet come back; and therefore I shall not say one word of politics, but that I am ever true and undaunted in the cause of the public. I have prepared several things.

The affidavit of D'Eon being sworn before Humphrey Cotes, make all letters to the address of that worthy gentleman most suspicious in this kingdom. I beg you therefore, by the return of post, to give me an address to you under a feigned name, and at another part of the town. I wish you to write to me *à mademoiselle, mademoiselle Prochasson, chez monsieur D'Espilly, libraire, rue St. Jacques, à Paris*; and let the direction be always in a woman's hand: you need not put the letter in a cover. Pray give me a line in this manner by the return of the post; and believe me, with the truest warmth of friendship,

your obliged friend, and

humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

A most worthy friend of mine, monsieur Tollot of Geneva, is so obliging to take care of this letter,

LETTER VIII.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier,
Sunday, October 13, 1765.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I HAVE this afternoon your very kind letter of the 8th, and I must leave you to imagine the impatience of my soul for the long one you mention by Mr. Horne. I have often seen that gentleman, and I give you my repeated thanks for so valuable an acquaintance. He is still at Paris, and we are much together. My letters are not yet come back from Geneva; as I mentioned before, that he put them in the post here for me. You see therefore I cannot

yet take notice of any thing contained in them.

I wrote to you a private letter by monsieur Tollot, a gentleman of Geneva. There is a circumstance in that, which I beg you to answer immediately ; and then I will write to my beloved Humphrey very fully.

I am still in the same idea as to Constantinople: nothing can so effectually heal all breaches of every kind. When you consider what passed as to the brother of a certain man not an Englishman *, I believe the person you mention may be brought to yield to it. You, who are on the spot, can best judge of this. There is nothing I so much wish, on every account my busy mind can suggest to me.

* This alludes to the dismissal of Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, lord Bute's brother, from his post of privy seal of Scotland, in May 1765, notwithstanding the royal promise that he should hold it for life.

When I hear from you in answer to monsieur Tollot's letter *, I shall mention some other things to you. In the mean time pray assure lord Temple of the warmest and most inviolable attachment on my part ; and need I add, dearest Cotes, that love of your excellent and amiable qualities, (as well as gratitude,) will ever continue me your sincere and affectionate friend,

JOHN WILKES ?

LETTER IX.

Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier,
Sunday, October 27, 1765.

MY DEAR COTES,

I READ with very particular satisfaction your letter of the 18th, and am greatly indebted to you for the sincere marks of

* The letter *carried* by monsieur Tollot.

true friendship with which it abounds. I regret that the English post is not yet arrived, and therefore that I cannot have all the *eclaircissements* I wish and want. The idea of an annual sum of one thousand pounds being to be paid to me, does not captivate my imagination. You mention that you do not yet learn upon what establishment, or fund, it is to be granted; and you desire me to write a letter for you to deliver to *them*,—without mentioning, or even leaving me to guess, *who*.

You avoid, my dear friend, the word *pension*, with great care: yet I believe the world would rather consider such a grant only in that light, though I should myself look upon it as paying very poorly all the costs of suit due to me. *Wood's* fine what jury would condemn *Halifax* to, now general warrants are exploded even by Mansfield? I do not know upon what public ground this ministry stands; nor what stipulations are made for assert-

ing the clear rights of every Englishman, so grossly invaded. I have a most kind and friendly letter of Mr. Onslow's; yet it is couched in general expressions, and all private intelligence is very disadvantageous to the present powers. Nothing has yet been done; and I am afraid, in the bargain for the honours of the state, that the good of it was never thought of by the majority of the present gentlemen. I am an insignificant individual; but I have given much time and attention to these subjects, and I know what ought to be done, and what the nation expects should be done: I have digested my thoughts very carefully, and I intend to give them to the public the first day of the meeting of parliament. How the ministry will like them, I very little care: every whig must, I am sure, approve; and I think I am secure of every friend of my country (not embarked with either party) giving me applause. I wait for an opportunity of

answering our Surry friend's letter in a more particular manner than I choose by the post.

I have never yet heard who the present ministry are: I believe the Scot is the breath of their nostrils. It depends however on them, whether Mr. Wilkes is their friend or their enemy. If he starts as the latter, he will lash them with scorpion rods,—and they are already prepared: I wish, however, we may be friends; and I had rather follow the plan I had marked out in my letter from Geneva *. In all cases I shall wait to hear your opinion; and I shall see what that great chapter in the book, the chapter of accidents, produces before the meeting of the house. I desire, however, you would let it be understood by the present ministry, that if we are not good friends on public grounds, I am their determined implacable enemy,

* Page 204, above.

ready to give the stab where it will wound the most. I repeat, however, I wish we may be friends in earnest; and if we are, I will give every assistance that such mean abilities as mine can afford them,—and they know how indefatigable I am in every cause I undertake. I leave you, my dear Cotes, to negociate all these matters: I know the goodness of your head and of your heart. The experience of your excellent understanding, and the friendship you have shewn me on every occasion, make me trust this with entire confidence in your hands. Be assured of the warmest returns of gratitude from your
most affectionate friend and

humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

I received the letters Mr. Horne sent to Geneva: they were the highest entertainment to me. My sincere respects to Mr. Fitzherbert, and sir William Baker.

Am I to draw on you, or how is that to be; and for what sum, &c. &c. &c.?

LETTER X.

Paris, Rue des Sts. Pères, Dec. 4, 1765.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I EMBRACE with pleasure this opportunity of writing to you by a friend, and opening myself fully to you. I received your letter of November 8, from mademoiselle La Vallerie; and it is the only one I have received unopened. I waited till last week for the subsequent letter you promised me: but that not arriving, I concluded that your cruel gout still kept possession of his old quarters; and in the greatest uncertainty I wrote to Mr. Fitzherbert. I had two letters from Heaton; but they were too obscure as to the offers

made me, than to be any guide to me. I have yet no answer from Mr. Fitzherbert.

I am the only Englishman here who is visited by Mr. Walpole, the banker. He corresponds with Pitt, which is a most unusual grace to him, from the best orator and the worst letter-writer of our age. I grieve at the coldness between lord Temple and Pitt. I wish that, like most bosom friendships, it does not end in an inveterate hatred. George Grenville had better have continued as he was *****.

I foresee all the consequences of a disunion between lord Temple and Mr. Pitt; and there is nothing I desire so earnestly to hear of as their reconciliation. United they were too weak against the favourite. Separated I fear both will be undone. I beg you to tell lord Temple from me how much I am devoted to him; and that my mean faculties shall ever be exerted in any manner he wishes, and will vouchsafe to prescribe.

Nothing can so effectually do the business of the favourite as the quarrel of the two brothers. Pitt's application of the lines from Virgil, *Extincti te, neque*, &c. went to my heart, and seemed prophetic.

I begin to think that I am doomed to an eternal exile, or that I must force my way home. Suppose I return immediately? Will this ministry dare to let the law take place? A pillory in my case would be worse than the business of the weavers, which so much alarmed the first persons of the nation. If the ministers do not find employment for me, I am disposed to find employment for them. As the term does not open till the end of January, Mansfield in no case could pass sentence before that time, and the spirit of the people is too high to let me suffer in a cause of their own. I am much inclined to this step of coming over directly, yet certainly not against the opinion of my best friends. I wish they would weigh the case, and give me their opinion.

I am got into lodgings of my own, and will endeavour to be as good an œconomist as my villainous nature will let me. It is time to take up and grow independent: but one thing is necessary for you and me. I have waited to hear from you on the subject of my private affairs, and to know if you could send me a letter of credit, or in what manner Wood's business was settled, or Fitzherbert's offer, or any other plan. Living here not in an *hotel garnie* and privately, 1000l. a year would soon make me easy and independent, as well as pay my debts in time; and you may imagine I have some here, which I should be very glad to settle. Such is the state of my exile and outlawry.

I went to pay my duty to the duke of Richmond, and had the most kind reception from his grace and the duchess. The duke and lord George Lenox have been, since that time, to return my visit.

I have a very long note on that passage of my ever honoured Churchill,

“ She could not starve, if there was only Clive;”

I have laboured it much, but it will remain locked up among my papers, from the fear of hurting Jack *. I have sent you a variety of MSS. and printed papers. I know not what you have received. Have you that about Calcraft which is done with much care? If you have not, I will send it to you. If I wanted money, colonel Keene hinted to me, that I might have what I would from him: that is, he would buy me off. I have nobly served him up. How pleased is the dear shade of our friend with all I have done! I am sure of it.

Would it be allowed, if I asked it, to steal over privately to see miss Wilkes, to talk with you, lord Temple, Mr. Fitzherbert, &c.? Nothing would alarm the pre-

* His natural son.

sent ministers so much as the idea of my coming to London; nothing perhaps would so much advance my affairs.

You may always safely write to me under the cover of *Mademoiselle La Val-
lerie, chez monsieur D'Espilly, à la croix d'or,
Rue St. Jacques*; sometimes her other name, *mademoiselle La Prochasson*, would be as well. She brings me those letters without opening them.

I beg you to remember me with much affection to Mrs. Cotes, and to all your family.

I am ever, my dearest friend,

your most affectionate and obliged

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XI.

Paris, Rue de Sts. Pères, Jan. 1, 1766.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 20th of December I received unopened. It has filled my heart with anguish on your own account and Mrs. Cotes's. I have a glimpse of hope for you in the reconciliation of lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, but I tremble for what I hear of your excellent wife. I cannot go on with such a subject.

I wait with much impatience for your full advice respecting myself and your own destination. I shall take my resolutions accordingly. I am here in a situation which you may guess at. Mr. Fitzherbert has not paid one shilling on my account to Mr. Foley, nor to any man. As you have received Wood's 1000 l. I beg you to send me immediately some kind of remittance,

and pay what you mention only in part, just at present. What am I to do otherwise? I have not received, my dear Cotes, one shilling the whole year 1765. Surely you can manage something for me, and directly. What am I otherwise to do?

I have no answer from George Onslow. Mr. Fitzherbert shewed my refusal to Mr. Foley, and of consequence would not pay him the draft I had given Foley, on the supposition of the grant of 1000*l.* being in an honourable way according to the former declarations, and the letter to Heaton. I am in great distress, and Foley is much out of humour. I beg to hear from you on this too, by the return of the post.

If I can find any safe opportunity, you shall hear fully from me. You have never sent me the direction I desired. I beg you to tell Mrs. Cotes her illness has given me the sincerest concern, for she has no friend who esteems her more than I do. Pray remember me kindly in your letters to

Jack; and be assured, my dearest Humphrey, that I will ever remain

your affectionate and

faithful friend,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XII.

Paris, Rue de Sts. Pères, Feb. 15, 1766.

MY DEAREST COTES,

I HAVE not been favoured with one line from you since the 8th of January, when you were so good as to enclose me a copy of Fitzherbert's letter to you, but yours to him I have not yet seen. I wrote to you immediately after the death of our excellent friend, but I have not had any answer to that letter. I am never disposed to be peevish, but I cannot but more and more lament the cruel situation in which

I am; entirely ignorant of what is most necessary for me to know, and scarcely one friendly star left to point out my way.

I have not received one shilling, nor Mr. Foley for me. I am in debt here, and you know that the whole of last year and this you have not sent me any thing out of the management of my private estates: I mean those for life. It was impossible for me to come to England without a remittance at that time. You must know Paris better. I borrowed sixty guineas of Mr. Walpole, who lent them with a good grace. I have had great professions of friendship from several of the present, or perhaps I ought to say of the late, ministry; but they have been no more than professions. My pardon I believe has never been asked, nor any thing else; and I find no man hardy enough to run great risks for me. Mr. Fitzherbert and a few more have it not in their power, though I am satisfied it is warmly in their inclina-

tion; and if they could they would not hesitate to grant me the 1000*l.* *per annum* on the Irish establishment for thirty years, which I wrote you word Walpole proposed.

I hear from every quarter that lord Temple and Mr. Pitt are entirely separated; and that when Mr. Pitt made the American speech, lord Temple was in the house under the gallery, and made use of the same expressions against his brother-in-law, which he used against his brother George in the same place three years ago. I hear that Bedford, Sandwich, Halifax, &c. are united with lord Temple and George Grenville.

I conversed with the duke of Richmond for two hours on Tuesday at lady Berkeley's, who confirmed this to me. Judge of my impatience to hear the truth of these strange reports from you. I am told that a resolution was formed that Mansfield would confine me for life on account of

the Essay on Woman, besides a pillory. I do not wish to mix that cause with the other.

You have never mentioned what detached parts of the notes of our ever dear Churchill you have received. I have printed a great deal separately. Several of the notes no one person has seen ; others I have given to a very few. Let me know what you have.

Pray let me hear fully from you, my dear friend, and believe me, with the utmost warmth of friendship and gratitude,

ever yours,

JOHN WILKES.

I beg you to assure lord and lady Temple of my highest regards.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, Rue de Sts. Pères, July 6, 1766.

MY DEAR COTES,

I HAVE waited with much impatience the accomplishment of the promise you gave me in Holles-street of being very soon at Paris. Your ten days are ten days worthy of Daniel himself, yet I trust you did not mean weeks.

I am exactly in the same situation as when I left England, only more disagreeably as to my private affairs. It is high time every thing was settled as well as we can, and I wish to set my shoulders to so necessary a work. I shewed you in Holles-street what I had done; and I earnestly beg you, if your own business does not bring you directly into this kingdom, to send me an account of what has passed through your hands, and I will settle all

to our mutual satisfaction. Neither of us mean any more indiscretions; we will be prudent, and laugh at all our enemies.

I am very ill treated in the History of the Minority. I am sure Almon has had a hand in it: but he has had great helps. Every thing is offered up to the shrine of Stowe. I will not however be a passive victim; I will do myself justice in print, and contradict the gross falshoods respecting me in that history. I will try to make some of your new friends smart. I love lord Temple, and I will suppose he is not concerned in the injuries done me in the History; though it could not be wrote without his connivance, at least; I hear, indeed, that it comes out by his order. I beg you to explain all this to me, and as soon as you can.

Your letters had better be directed under cover *A monsieur D'Espilly, libraire, à la croix d'or, Rue St. Jacques, à Paris*; or they will be opened.

My dear daughter is perfectly well, and desires her compliments to you.

I am yours most sincerely

and affectionately,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, Rue de Sts. Pères, July 20, 1766.

MY DEAR COTES,

I CANNOT express to you the satisfaction your letter of the 15th has given me, and I am persuaded all our friends in the city partake it, for I suppose there are gloomy faces enough in the western parts of the metropolis. I beg you to make my best compliments to lord Temple on this occasion. His lordship knows so well my way of thinking, relative to the public, that I have not one word to add, but that

I am sure I shall now have justice done to myself, as well as to the great cause in which I have been so deeply embarked, and for which I have been so long and so great a sufferer. I hope a full and free pardon will immediately be granted me, and that I shall have leave to return to England by the first post. I shall wait, my dear Cotes, for your directions, and I think we now can neither of us fail of being happy : you merit it I am sure from every intrinsic good quality of your own ; I from having been so long unhappy, unhappy too from my love of liberty and my country.

I am exceedingly pleased with the *eclaircissemens* you give me as to the History of the Minority. I wonder after all how the author got at some secrets ; and I am sure he has had good helps, and many additional touches *.

* He never had one help, nor any additional touches.

You may guess my impatience for the letter you kindly promise me by the next post. Lord Temple may now make me happy : perhaps he cannot at home, till things are more firmly settled. I wished to have gone to Constantinople, I would go to Quebec, and perhaps, in the mean way, I might be useful there. If I am to be left to my ill-starred fate, pray let me know it ; and I will never be troublesome to those I love. I beg your letters may come in the way your last did.

Believe me ever, my dear friend, with true affection,

yours most sincerely,

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER XV.

Paris, Rue de Sts. Pères, Nov. 27, 1766.]

DEAR COTES,

I WROTE you a long letter on my arrival at Calais, and hoped before this to have heard from you about the public, about our worthy friends, about yourself, about me, &c. I find by Heaton, who had it from Beardmore, that lord Temple is extremely pleased that I did not write to lord Chatham. I have the same satisfaction from the public at large; and I am so far happy, that my conduct is warmly approved by all the true friends of liberty. I trust that my restoration will soon follow the applause I have met with from many quarters.

Can you assist me, my dear friend, in my private affairs? I would not importune you if I could avoid it. I endeavour

to manage as well as I can, and keep up a kind of dignity, looking forwards for my dear daughter. In a year or two that will be a most serious business; and she is all I wish her. I am very easy about her from the Red-lion-court family, for she has no rival there. I have, as well as you, struggled through many difficulties, and I hope we shall at last ride both triumphant. I am entirely in the dark as to all proceedings since I left England; I beg to know the state of them minutely, that I may bring every thing into order as well as I can.

I wish to know what passed at the beginning of the session. Will the three brothers be reconciled? Such is the expectation of the public here. Perhaps it is the only way of securing stability to any administration.

Pray tell me the sentiments of the public about the present set of ministers, about the return of one Mr. Wilkes to Paris,

about the conduct of the duke of Grafton to him, &c. &c.

My sincere respects attend the good earl and countess.

I am ever, dear Cotes *, your friend,

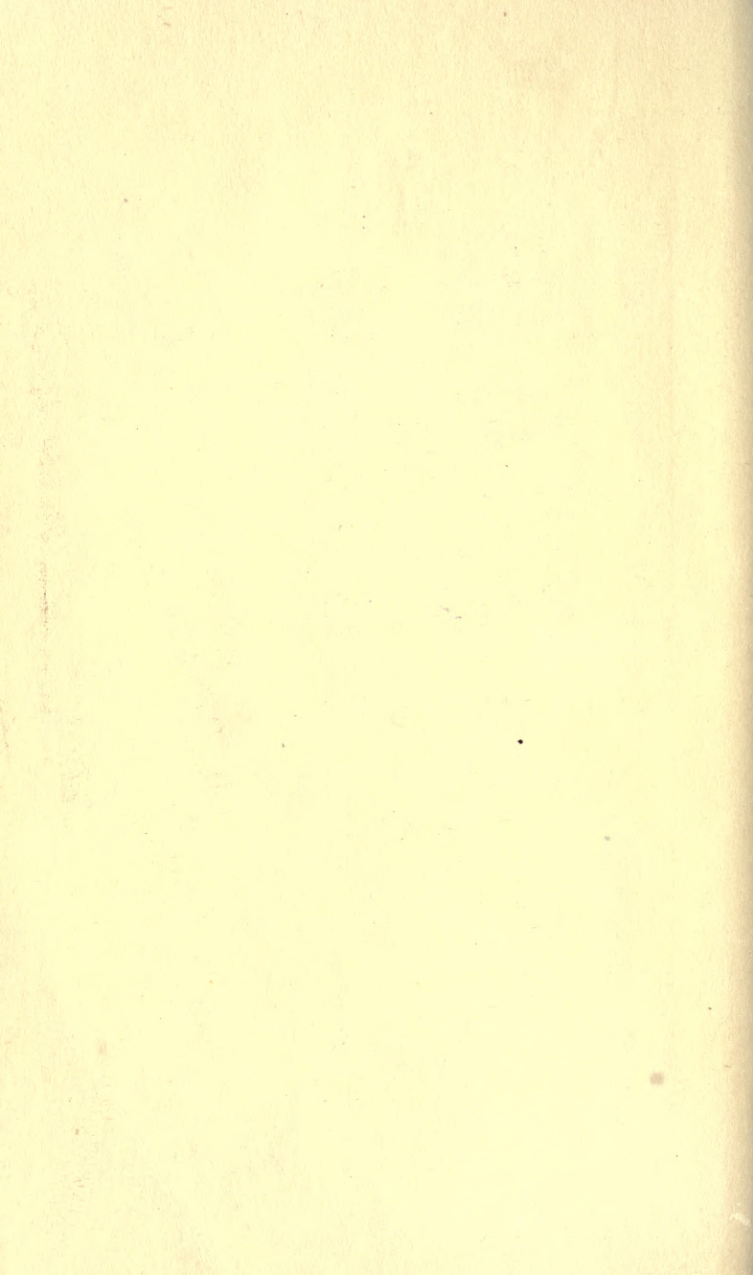
JOHN WILKES.

* In February 1767 Mr. Cotes became a bankrupt.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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